

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

[ONE PENNY.]

FRANCE. THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

PARIS, JAN. 2 (Evening).

The following is the speech delivered by the Emperor to the Diplomatic Body on New Year's-day:

"I am happy to say that a spirit of conciliation animates all the European Powers, and that the moment a difficulty arises they agree among themselves to smooth away and avert complications. I hope that the year now commencing will contribute, like the one just expired, towards removing many apprehensions and strengthening the bonds which should unite civilised nations."

To the congratulations of the Deputies, his Majesty replied:

Every year the co-operation of the Legislative Body becomes more indispensable to the preservation in France of that real liberty which can only prosper through respect for the laws and a just balance of power. It is always, therefore, with lively satisfaction that I receive the expression of your devoted and patriotic sentiments."

To the members of the Court of Cassation the Emperor addressed the following: "The sense of justice must penetrate now more than ever our national customs; it is the most sure guarantee of liberty."

His Majesty spoke as follows to the clergy: "The congratulations of the clergy move me deeply; their prayers sustain and console us. From what is going on in the world we can see how indispensable it is to assert the great principles of Christianity,

which teach us virtue, that we may know how to live, and immortality, that we may know how to die."

"The *Official Journal of the French Empire* says: "After the diplomatic rupture between Turkey and Greece, the Cabinets of Europe showed themselves animated by the desire to prevent serious consequences. Prussia proffered the advice that friendly relations should be resorted to on the part of the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris, assembling at a Conference."

"The Government of the Emperor recognised the opportuneness of this proposition, and recommended it without delay to all the Courts of Europe, with a view to obtain their assent, agreeing with them that the intended deliberations should be confined to the sole and well defined purpose of examining to what extent compliance ought to be made with the demands of the Turkish ultimatum."

"A telegram has been received from M. Bavié, the French Ambassador in Constantinople, dated the 31st of last month, announcing that the Porte has declared its readiness to join the Conference. It has also been agreed to admit a Greek plenipotentiary as merely taking part in the discussion without a vote. Complete harmony, therefore, exists between the Powers as regards the assembling of a Conference at Paris."

"The Marquis de Lavalette has proposed the 9th inst. as the day for the announcement of the Conference."

Imperial decrees are published, dated the 17th of December, appointing M. de Chateaufort Minister at Dresden, and M. Vallier Minister at Stuttgart.

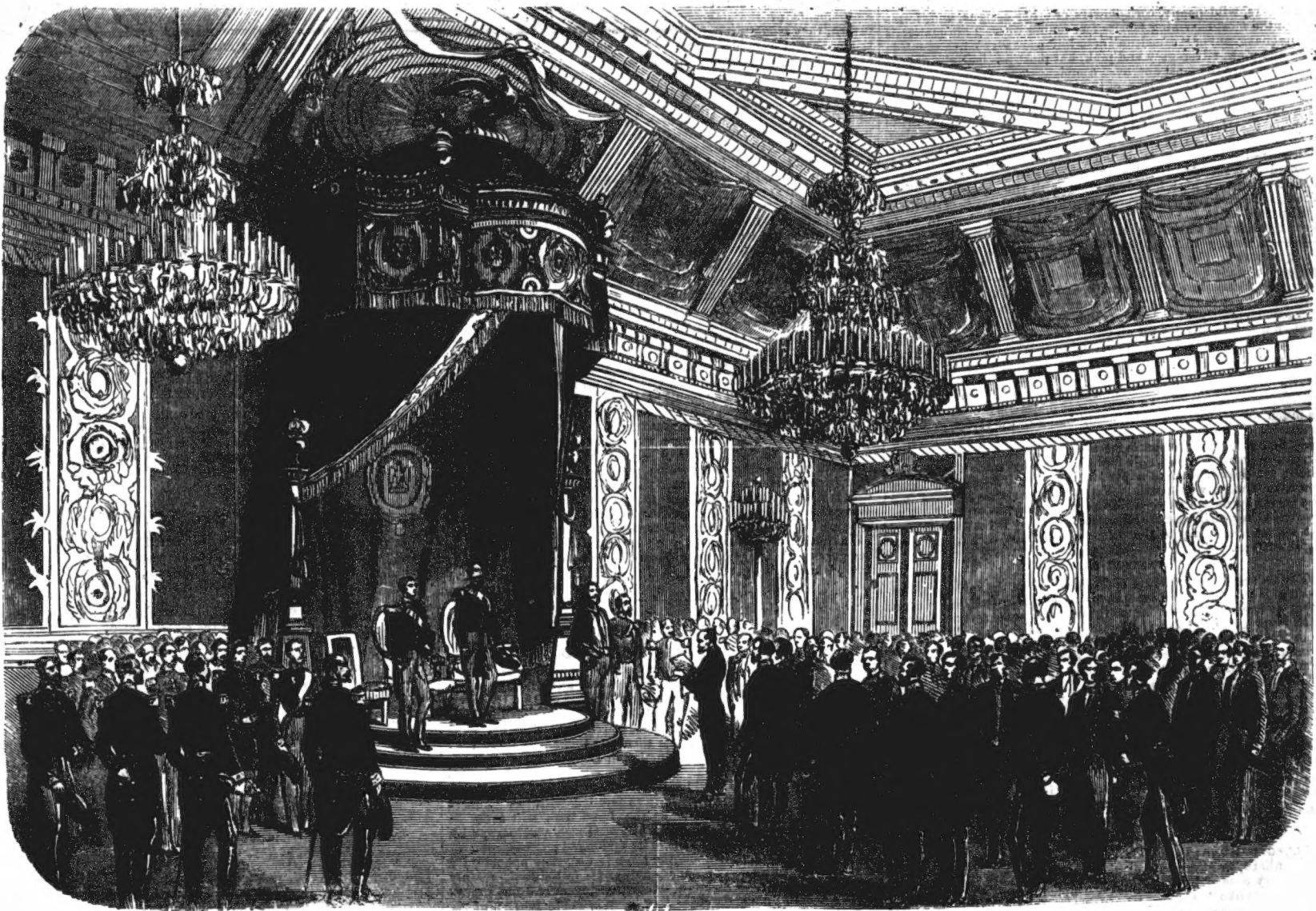
All papers agree in interpreting in the peaceful sense the speeches

delivered by the Emperor at the New Year's reception at the Tuileries.

A *sermon* was also just performed in the Jewish Temple, by the *Rabbi* of the *Communauté*, in memory of the late Baron James de Rothschild. The *sermon* was in Hebrew and was hung with black and was brilliantly illuminated. The funeral oration was delivered by M. Zadoc Kahn, Grand Rabbi of Paris, and the prayer for the dead was given by the Grand Rabbi of the Central Consistory.

The *Constitutionnel* says: "Peace has been maintained in spite of all the inauspicious predictions which have been made during the year just expired. This fact is to be attributed to the good faith, and conduct as firm as it has been prudent, of the French Government in its relations with all the Great Powers, and especially with the North German Confederation. To preserve peace without sacrificing the dignity and the legitimate influence of France is the great and difficult problem which the Government is endeavouring to solve without unsteadiness or weakness."

The other day a destructive fire occurred in Paris at the house of Madame Berthe de Roquemaure, No. 33, Rue de Luxembourg. The lady was ill in bed, and a servant, who came to show her a jewel sent home by a tradesman, accidentally set fire to the curtains. In a few minutes her boudoir, which was considered a *bijou*, was destroyed. Madame de Roquemaure, who had barely strength to get out of bed, fled for her life in her nightdress to the headquarters of the National Guard behind her house, and was glad to accept the covering of a soldier's cloak. The fire brigade was quickly on the spot, and the flames were got under in less than an hour without spreading to the neighbouring houses; but the loss to Madame de Roquemaure is estimated at 150,000fr.



RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,



COURT AND SOCIETY.

OSBORNE, Jan. 5.

The Queen drove out on Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Caroline Barrington.

Colonel Ponsonby was in attendance upon horseback. General the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Grey had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family in the evening.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Teck and suite honoured the performances at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, with their presence on Tuesday evening.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr. William Carpenter's "Introduction to the Reading and Study of the English Bible," in three volumes octavo.

The Marchioness of Ely left town for Ely Lodge, Ireland. The Ladies Mary and Ida Fielding have left England to spend the winter in Rome.

The Countess Dowager Somers has returned to her residence, 45, Grosvenor-place, from Bournemouth, where she has been passing the last three months.

Viscountess Castleross, accompanied by Lord and Lady Charles Thynne, left town for the South of France. Her ladyship has somewhat improved in health.

The will of the Viscountess de Bross has just been proved; that of Lady Margaret Sophia Macdonald, daughter of the late Earl of Leicester, and the wife of Sir Archibald K. Macdonald, under £9,000; and that of Lady Agnes Poore, under £12,000.

We have to record the death of the Hon. Mrs. A. Lefroy. She was the eldest daughter of Robert Edward, first Viscount Lorton, by his wife Lady Frances Parsons, only daughter and heiress of Laurence, first Earl of Ross. She married July 18, 1824, Mr. Anthony Lefroy, M.P.

Letters from Nice say that this fashionable winter resort is filling rapidly, but with foreigners, and not French people. Prince Charles of Prussia and a numerous suite had arrived here, as well as Fued Pasha and a number of Americans. The races are to take place from the 4th to the 8th of February.

The Irish probate of the will of Lady Jane Louisa Hely-Hutchinson, daughter of the third Earl of Donoughmore, was sealed in London, under £18,000; and the Scotch confirmation or testamentary disposition of the late General Alexander Fisher Macintosh, K. H., Colonel 93rd Regiment, was sealed in London, under £63,000.

The death is announced of Dame Susanna, widow of Sir Charles Warren Malet, Bart., in the ninety-first year of her age. Sir Charles Malet was created a baronet for distinguished services in India, where he was long resident at the Court of the Sovereign of the Marhatta Empire, and Acting-Governor of the Presidency of Bombay. He died in 1815.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE FASHIONS.

THE toilettes for balls are, as usual, composed of tulle, tarlatan, and grenadine, but these are plain or figured according to taste. Tarlatans fond blanc are varied by having bouquets of flowers or gold and silver designs stamped upon them. Some of them are coloured, and have self-coloured flowers or leaves upon them, ornamented with imitation of precious stones and metals. Tulle is extremely elegant when embroidered with bouquets of flowers, wheat-ears, wild poppy, corn-flowers or other designs, and forms one of the most charming fabrics for evening wear. Thin materials of the changeant or "cameleon" description are very much adopted; blue and pink, silver-grey and pink, but most particularly orange and black, are the most approved combinations. Of course a silk petticoat heightens the effect of these dresses, but it can easily be dispensed with. They are trimmed with ruffles, volants, placed on straight or scalloped, and fringes, and varied by bows of ribbons fancifully arranged; the effect is light and becoming. The short ball-dress is struggling for ascendancy over the train skirt. The chausure is of the same colour as the dress, ornamented with rosettes, buckles, or according to the graniture of the dress. The very high heel is covered with the material of which the dress is composed, or silvered, or gilt, if the elegance of the dress will permit of it. The stockings, of elaborate design, to be in keeping with the rest of the toilette, must have embroidered clocks—also according to the principal colour—after the modes of our grandmothers. For ladies past the age of dancing, silks and satins are most usually adopted. The front breadth is still trimmed on tablier, with a garniture of lace or silk, and so arranged that it eventually diverges towards the back breadth. Sometimes the skirt is composed entirely of volants, which ascend to the waist, or the bottom flounce if carried up on either side of the skirt, to meet the waist, forming a sort of tablier. Gimps, fringes, feather-trimmings, and buttons of the same colour are much used; lace, as always, forms one of the most elegant and at the same time most costly ornaments. The sleeve plays a considerable rôle in the fashions of this season. In transparent materials the "Gabrielle" is much worn, also the Pompadour reaching to the elbow, and fully trimmed. The puffs and volants give width to the shoulders, if the figure happen to be deficient in this particular. Head-dresses are composed of single flowers with long trails of grass and buds; the leaves acquire a particularly beautiful effect by being sown, as it were, with pearls. Very small pearls are disposed over the leaves by means of very thin gum, so that the original colour traverses the pearls, and the effect is as of freshly fallen dew. Gloves are chosen according to the colour of the dress, with from four to eight buttons.

TRAINED SKIRTS.

Trains are more moderate and graceful than the extreme styles worn of late. With the exception of the panier puff, the general effect of the skirt is similar to those of last season, though made with fewer gores. To particularise, a trained skirt should measure from five to five and a-half in width. It should be flatly gored in front and at the sides, but very full and bouffant behind. The front width is gored closely. Stout figures require two gored side widths, slender persons only one. New skirts are not made with three side gores unless the material is so narrow as to compel it. A word of advice here. Never piece gored breadths at the bottom. Design the shape and number of gores with reference to the width of the material. Two full widths are placed behind, and some French dresses have three full back widths. The front and the first gored widths are sewed to the belt without fullness, the back widths are gathered or arranged in small plaits all turned one way. A thick silk cord is used around the skirt instead of binding braid.—*Tinsley's Magazine for January.*

ALLEGED BURGLARY BY A GOVERNESS.—The magistrates at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, have had before them an extraordinary case of burglary and attempted arson. The accused was a "ladylike" person, named Mary Jane Grey, who until recently was governess in the family of a gentleman resident in that neighbourhood. His house had been broken into, a quantity of silver stolen, and an attempt made to fire the place. The evidence that the prisoner had done it was purely circumstantial. She was committed for trial.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GAIETY THEATRE.

OUR contemporary the *Ladies' Own* has the following sterling remarks:—What change has come over the spirit of the Londoners that they should require now so many theatres to gratify the new-born taste? Are they growing less "domestic" than they used to be; more fond of pleasure, more bent on seeking other and less tranquil forms of recreation than such as the *donnes et places usor* can, from night to night provide? Or is it that they are getting more decidedly "French" (as people most inaccurately say), from mixing habitually and intimately with their Gallician neighbours, and catching something of their laughter-loving spirit, which is unquestionably more gay and vivifying than our own? Yet this last suggestion, though we commonly hear it made, is certainly less sound and reasonable than the former; for, first, in France the "better sort of people," do not frequent the theatres, but leave such pastime to a class which is far below, in dignity of life and character, the ordinary type of men and women who are known in England as *habitués* of the play; and, secondly, the French are, as a nation, perhaps even more domestic than ourselves, and possess the art of creating brilliant and attractive "homes" in a degree which far surpasses the somewhat dull and insular view we English take upon the point. Shall we look, then for the cause of this theatrical mania, which threatens to increase until it becomes a national characteristic, in the patronage and example which Royalty has, for many years, vouchsafed in this particular; and conclude that we only go to the theatres more often in the present day than our fathers fifty years ago because it is now the fashionably-idle thing to do; like kettle-drum at 4 p.m. or dining daily *à la Russe*? This last suggestion has more of reason about it than the others; and yet it hardly resolves the somewhat difficult question, why two theatres should have sufficed for the Londoners in the eighteenth century, while *twenty-two* will scarcely suffice for the present.

Suppose, then, we hazard the conjecture that theatre-going would never have become the passion, nor even the possibility, which it is at present, but for the idea of substituting small or cottage theatres for the gigantic Theatrical temples in which our fathers used to worship—Kean or Garrick, Kemble, Junce, or Mrs. Siddons being the divinities that attracted their devotion. As long as it was only the actor of stentorian lungs who could shout himself hoarse on the world-wide stage of Drury-lane or Covent-garden, with the faintest hope of being heard by "gods" or even occupants of central stalls, so long did it remain a plain impossibility for actors, with marvellous histrionic gifts, yet merely moderate voices, to push their way upon a stage that was only meant for giants. But directly "minor" theatres were attempted, and men or women of refined, yet adequate, power could portray, almost within a whisper, the delicate shades of life and feeling peculiar to what we have learned to call the "domestic drama," a host of talented artists sprang into public life, who were competent to delineate a character of thought and action which, in our fathers' days, admitted of no interpretation.

Whether this be the real solution or not of the question we at first proposed, certain it is that the Queen's, the Globe, and the Gaiety have filled up the niches of popular requirements in so tranquil and matter-of-course a way, that it is evident there is still some unemployed theatrical territory which by-and-by will find its appropriate uses before the world. In the case of the Queen's and the Gaiety, it is somewhat singular that they should both of them stand upon sites of ground which, but the other day, were devoted to purposes supposed to be supremely hostile to theatrical interests. It was prophesied of music-halls by anxious managers and involved lessees, that they must, sooner or later, bring about the ruin of the theatre; because, by combining the amusements of the stage with the sensuous enjoyments of the tavern, they would propose to the public a duplex charm of entertainment that would be positively irresistible to the lovers of bodily ease. But experience has proved that music-halls, regarded as a national institution, have simply been an ignominious failure. Those who have ever had the misfortune to assist at one of their mongrel exhibitions have come away with the profound conviction that to be compelled to listen to a "comic singer" is about the most lugubrious form of calamity that can befall an intelligent being; and that penal service for the space of two hours and a-half would be infinitely preferable to the sitting for a similar period at a wooden table, surrounded by pipes and whiskey and water, and such society as the institution can afford.

The Gaiety, therefore, in supplanting one of these pseudo-musical taverns, has negatively conferred a social benefit on the neighbourhood in which is now so picturesquely rises. "Gaiety" is its name, and gaiety its aspect, character, and design. lofty, and very spacious in the interior proportions of the building, bright and excessively pretty in the tasteful method of its decoration, containing some admirably-painted frescoes and a drop-scene which is positively worth a moment's looking at, there is, probably no theatre in London so calculated to please the eye, and certainly none so likely to give entire satisfaction in the matter of ensuring comfort to spectators. What would be called the dress circle in every other theatre is here the balcony, consisting of three rows of very otiose stalls, at the back of which, all round the circle, are little private boxes. The result of the arrangement is to elevate the second tier of boxes, almost to the average level of a gallery, while the gallery itself surmounts the theatre at a height which entitles its occupants, in a more than ordinary degree, to be described as "gods." There may be those who will not like the Egyptian style of frescoing which pervades the proscenium and other parts of the theatre; but none can deny that the general effect is neat in the extreme, and that there is a pervading sense among the audience of being present in a first-class theatre while listening to a performance that is far above the common.

We think our contemporary too severe upon music halls and there are comic singers, notwithstanding the censure expressed above, who display good taste, good manners and much ability.

NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THERE is no part in which Mr. Toole takes such high rank as in Caleb Plummer. His performance of the toy-maker is equally excellent in its comic and its pathetic aspects, and thoroughly in harmony in both, with the spirit of the "Cricket on the Hearth," from which the play of "Dot" was skilfully compounded by Mr. Boucicault. It is now some years since Mr. Toole first appeared in the play at the Adelphi. Since then circumstances have continuously interfered with its production in London, but it is well-known to have been Mr. Toole's most successful card in his famous provincial tours, and in all the great towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland the people are as familiar with the "household words" of Caleb Plummer, as the Londoners will soon be now that "Dot" has been produced at The Queen's Theatre, with every accessory that can conduce to its prolonged success.

As the drama is purely domestic, there is no great opportunity for splendour, but a sort of fairy chorus is introduced, mainly for scenic purposes, by means of a transparency over John Peerybingle's hearth; a merely subsidiary scene is made important by a very beautiful snow scene under a winter sun; and the division of the principal scene so as to represent at once the interior of Caleb's cottage and the yard adjacent, produces, with the help of some clever snow and icicle effects, a very beautiful picture. It is in these scenes that the pretty story of Dot and the Cricket and the Blind Girl is now re-enacted.

The management of The Queen's have also the advantage of the services of Mr. Emery, who, if we mistake not, was the original John Peerybingle when the story was dramatised under its original title. He resumes the part, and throws into it all the rough effectiveness for which he is famed. Mr. Emery, however, has always had it in him to be more than roughly effective, and, as in his old part in the "Green Bushes," he was most successful as Peerybingle when he had to depict the sorrows of a broken-hearted man in accents thick and tremulous with gentle yet racking emotion. In other parts of his performance—and conspicuously in his action and delivery when observing Dot's interview with Edward Plummer in the barn—Mr. Emery's old associations carried him back into a vein which is now generally condemned as conventional, and which, when in favour, was a coarse stage substitute for real histrionic power.

Miss Rignold was a very charming Dot; Miss Everard a matter-of-fact Mrs. Fielding; Mr. Stephens a very crusty Tackleton; Miss Montague an interesting Blind Girl; and Miss Maxe an attractive May Fielding, spoilt by a ridiculous extravagance in dress. Tilly Slowboy was played by Mr. Brough with a fine exuberance of genuine and characteristic drollery.

The central figure, old Caleb Plummer, the toy-maker, was kept by Mr. Toole very near indeed to the hearts of his audience. His worn and battered figure, his mild jocosity, his pathetic elaboration of the toy-maker's art, his touching deception of his child, and his fine, frank, old-fashioned participation in the slender humours of the Christmas gathering, make the first two acts a succession of most interesting incidents. But it is in the third the power of the artist is developed, when in an access of the most overwhelming shame and grief, the old man accuses himself of all sorts of wickedness, in the kindly pious fraud by which he has saved his blind daughter from sharing his own misery. It is one of the finest episodes in the contemporary stage, and will secure Mr. Toole a place in the memory of playgoers of which the great Regnier himself might be proud.

A NOVELTY at one of the music-halls is two female children about six years of age, who sing a comic duet! SIGNOR VERDI is said to be at work on a "Romeo and Juliet." It is to be given at St. Petersburg in the season of 1869-70, with Madame Patti.

MADAME LUCCA is still prevented by illness from appearing at St. Petersburg. Signor Mario is singing there as gallantly as though he had not to bear the weight of sixty-four years.

MR. BOUCICAULT has purchased a piece of land at Passy, near Paris, on which he intends erecting a villa for a spring residence. We hear that this voluminous author has a piece in manuscript for Drury-lane.

MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH contradicts the rumour that she has entered into a matrimonial alliance. She has been compelled temporarily to retire from the stage in consequence of her voice.

MIDDLE SCHNEIDER, for her engagement at Cairo, is to receive £2,000 for fifteen representations, a subvention of £3,000, and carte-blanche for the engagement of a troupe. Seven thousand fellahs are at present employed in the building of the theatre where she is to perform.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE is shortly to be pulled down for reconstruction and improvement. Its new form will take in some of the adjoining houses. The theatre has been bought by Mrs. Wood, the American actress.

STRANGE, though it must seem, it appears to be no less true that Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has never yet been given in Berlin, the city of the composer's birth and official residence. It is now to be produced with Fraulein Mathilde Seesi as the fantastic heroine.

THE death is announced of M. Carmouche, aged seventy-one, a well-known French dramatic author. His name is attached to nearly 250 pieces. He was married to Jenny Vertpré, well known as an actress of extraordinary talent some thirty years back.

AT the Royal Academy of Music competition for the Potter Exhibition and Westmoreland Scholarship, at the institution in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square—the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. W. G. Cousins, Mr. F. R. Cox, and Mr. H. C. Lunn—the results were as follows: Potter Exhibition: Miss Mary E. Christian, elected; Miss Pocklington, commended. Westmoreland Scholarship: Miss Rebecca Jewell, elected; Miss Fanny Lanham, highly commended; Misses Goode and Gill, commended.

THE sudden death of the popular Swedish dramatist and novelist, Augustus Blanche, has caused general grief in all the Scandinavian countries. M. Blanche was a member of the committee which organised the recent festival on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Charles XII. at Stockholm, and delivered an eloquent speech on the day of the ceremony, at a banquet given in honour of the choristers of Upsala. On leaving the hotel he suddenly felt unwell and entered a chemist's shop, where he expired a few minutes after.

HORACE TO THE MASTER OF THE FEAST.

ODES, I, 9.

You see! Soracte scarce can lift
His head beneath the snowy drift
That sparkles on his crest!
How badeeth every burdened tree!
How sleep the brooks—late brawlers free—
In winter's close arrest!

So thaw the cold! aye, heaping higher
The faggots on the waning fire,
And bounteously be poured
From jar that bears the four years' mark,
Diviner draughts, oh Thaliarch,
Around our vassal board.

To Jove be all things else vouchsafed,
Who, having stilled the ocean chafed,
With best of stormy wing,
The cypresses upon the wild
Are tranquil, and the ash trees old
A slumb'rous shadow fling.

To-morrow's glad or gloomy close
Forecast not! All that fate bestows
Of life to profit turn.
'Tis not for thee to eye askance
The merry movements of the dance,
Or love's delights to spurn.

While youth is thine, nor mars thy bloom
The shadow of the envious tomb!
Then pluck enjoyment's flower.
On Campus gay, or promenade,
Or where the whispered vows are made
At evening's trusted hour;

Or where behind the pillar's base,
The girl betrays her hiding-place
With laughter sweet and low,
And yields, from wrist or finger seized,
The ring or bracelet, coyly pleased,
To tempt her captor so!

St. James's Magazine, for January.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE Liberals of Leominster have presented Dr. Spinks, the Liberal candidate, with a splendid timepiece and an illuminated address, in recognition of his services at the late election.

CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.—At the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday morning, the Very Rev. Henry Alexander Douglas, late Dean of Cape Town, was consecrated to the bishopric of Bombay, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Harding.

It is a well-known fact that English silks are being continually exported to France, shipped back to England, and sold in our towns as "genuine French silks," without anyone being able to detect the difference.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A Liverpool grocer, named Wigram, instead of giving Christmas boxes to his customers this season, has forwarded a cheque for twenty guineas to the Liverpool Children's Infirmary.

THE Post has reason to believe that one of the first results of the reform at the Admiralty will be the unavoidable discharge of thirty clerks and writers whose services are found to be absolutely superfluous.

THE BISHOPRIC OF LONDON.—The Ven. W. Hale Hale, M.A., Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's, has taken the customary oaths, and has been admitted before the Vicar-General, Sir Travers Twiss, to the office of official within the city and diocese of London during the vacancy of the see of London.

WITH reference to the notices issued in September last, we are authorised to say that any parties who may desire to see the principal rooms of the new Foreign Office will be admitted, between the hours of twelve and three, every Thursday, until further notice, on delivering their cards to the porter at the principal entrance on the north side of the quadrangle.

THE ADOPTION OF SHORT TIME IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.—The cotton spinners of Manchester have come to a conclusion which, however much it may have been dictated by necessity, will none the less be regarded as sorry news by thousands of persons. At a "large and influential" meeting of the trade, it was resolved almost unanimously that for the next two months the mills in this district shall run only three days a week. Such a decision at this period of the year is doubly unfortunate.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—CHRISTMAS WEEK.—Open free from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. daily. Visitors during the week ending January 2:—Museum, 34,045; Meyrick and other galleries, 8,122—total, 42,167. Average of corresponding week in former years 21,417. The total number of visitors during the year ending December 31, 1868, has been—Morning, 599,143; evening, 281,933; making a total of 881,076, or 234,660 over the preceding year. Total from opening of museum, 8,013,164.

REWARD FOR HUMANITY.—The Board of Trade have determined to present a binocular glass to Captain Rumball, master of the American brig *Dirigo*, in acknowledgment of the humanity shown by him in the rescue of the male and five seamen of the *John Duncan*, of St. John's, N.B., wrecked in a hurricane in November last. The only survivors on board the *John Duncan* (the rest having been washed overboard) were nine seamen, who had been in a most distressed condition for twelve days, when they were taken off the wreck by the American ships *Rabboni* and *Dirigo*.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The planting of trees on the Thames Embankment (north), as recommended some few weeks since at a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has been commenced, nearly fifty trees being now in the ground. The trees are placed at intervals of about twenty feet from each other, and already nearly half the line of ground between Westminster Bridge and Hungerford is ornamented. The three new piers now in course of construction on the river—at Hungerford and Waterloo Bridges and the Temple—are fast approaching completion, and it is anticipated with all be opened in the course of a short time.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE, OR PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The ordinary meeting was held at 9, Conduit-street, on Monday evening, the Rev. W. Mitchell, M.A., vice-president, in the chair. A paper was read on "Some Uses of Sacred Primeval History," by D. McCausland, Esq., Q.C., LL.D.; of Dublin. The writer discussed the question of the origin of species, the unity or plurality of races, and the origin of language. The paper was discussed by Mr. Poyer, Rev. S. Wainwright, Rev. L. B. White, Mr. Reddie, Rev. W. Mitchell, &c. The next meeting will be held on Monday, January 18th, at eight o'clock, when the Rev. C. A. Row will read a paper on "The Relation of Reason to Philosophy, Theology, and Revelation."

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT SANDY.—The station-master at Sandy has been presented by the Misses Sabben, of Northumberland House, Stoke Newington, who were amongst the sufferers in the above accident, with a very handsome timepiece in black marble, inlaid with a massive gold plate, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Thrusch, station-master, Sandy, on the 1st of January, 1869, by Mary Caroline Sabben, Mary Vivian Sabben, and Emily Agnes Sabben, as a small mark of their regard and esteem for his kind and tender assistance on the occasion of a serious accident on the Great Northern Railway." It will be remembered that the accident referred to occurred on the 8th of April, 1868.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury elect, as Bishop of London, has appointed the preachers in St. Paul's Cathedral for the evening services in 1869. The services will commence under the dome on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock. The following are the special preachers selected by his grace: January 10, the Rev. Dr. Miller, Vicar of Greenwich and Rural Dean; January 17, the Rev. H. Mildred Birch, B.D., Canon of Ripon and Rector of Prestwich, Manchester, and Rural Dean; January 24, the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's and Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth; January 31, the Rev. W. C. Lake, M.A., one of her Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall, Rector of Huntspill, Somerset, and Honorary Canon of Wells.

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, RATCLIFF.—On Monday evening, in the above place, a Mission Temperance Society was inaugurated. About 200 sat down to tea, and Mr. John Hilton presided. In an eloquent and earnest speech, Mr. Eli Jones, formerly in the State of Maine Legislature, and one of the framers of the celebrated Maine Liquor Law, emphatically denied that the law had failed. He stated that about eighteen months ago the entire adult male population had an opportunity by vote to endorse or otherwise a clause to increase its stringency, and by a majority of five to one through the State the clause had been endorsed. The "cute Yankees" would not be found supporting a measure after so many years' trial if it had failed. Wm. Matthews, Esq., of Earls Colne; Samuel Insul, of the United Kingdom Alliance; R. Nichol; John Groves, the society's missionary; and Wm. Dym also addressed the meeting.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.—On the 30th a fashionable party attended in Christ church in Folkestone, to witness the celebration of matrimony between Thomas Phipps Austin, Esq., of Upper Norwood, and Miss Emily Griffiths Kemble. The bride and her friends were staying at Lady Charlotte Schreiber's, Sandgate-road, and the bridegroom with his party at the West Cliff Hotel, whither the bridal party proceeded after the ceremony to partake of the wedding breakfast, which was laid in charming style in the grand saloon. Covers were laid for twenty guests, among whom were the bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Lady Charlotte Schreiber, A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P., A. Tennyson, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Flight, Miss Guest, Mr. Montague Guest, Miss Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Bristow, Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds, &c. The cake was supplied from Gunter's, and the remaining dishes, meats, preserves, sweets, and wines, were all of a quality befitting the high reputation of the hotel. The happy pair afterwards started for Paris.

PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE CHURCH.—Dr. Pusey writes a letter to the *Times* in which he complains that the judicial committee, in their judgment in the Mackonochie case, have not interpreted the rubric as to kneeling at the holy communion grammatically. Comparing the last with former judgments, where matters of doctrine were involved, Dr. Pusey thinks there is good ground for "the world" to accuse the highest court of appeal of "playing fast and loose"—"loose," whenever it is the question of allowing any matter of faith to be disbelieved; "fast," when it is the question of not allowing anything to be believed which popular prejudice disbelieves. "If the union of church and state," the doctor adds, "involves this ultimate laxity and more than rigidity in the construction of our formularies, involving the denial of true doctrine and the prohibition of practice which represents doctrine, it certainly will be the earnest desire and prayer of churchmen that the precedent now being set as to the Irish establishment may be applied to the English."

At a meeting of the Corporation of Dublin, when the mayoralty of Sir William Carroll for another year was inaugurated with the usual ceremonial, the subject of the proposed statue to the memory of Henry Grattan was brought under the notice of the council by Sir John Gray, who moved a resolution that the Lord Mayor and the members of the council should constitute themselves a preliminary committee for the purpose of asking the nobility and gentry, the middle classes, and the people of Ireland generally, to associate themselves as a permanent committee to take charge of the funds contributed by Mr. Sullivan, and to adopt such other steps as might be requisite to place Grattan's statue at the portals of the Senate House in which his tongue of electric fire animated the small section which sat within its walls. And, as Grattan said himself that he had watched the Irish nation from its cradle to its grave, let that committee place him standing at the grave watching for the hour of resurrection. Alderman Mylan seconded the resolution, which was adopted, and a vote of thanks was then passed to Mr. Sullivan for his patriotism in devoting the sum subscribed as a compliment to him, to so noble a purpose.

IRON AND COAL TRADES OF SOUTH WALES. Owing to the quietness that has prevailed in the iron trade during the past two or three weeks, ironmasters at their preliminary meeting unanimously resolved to adhere to old list prices. This, no doubt, was the wisest plan they could adopt under present circumstances, for if a rise had been agreed upon, there is every probability of the workmen applying for an advance of wages, which could not have been granted, as the rise in wages would more than counterbalance the advance in prices. Considering the time of year, there is a tolerably good demand for rails, principally for the foreign markets. There is a fair amount of business being transacted with the United States, and there are several orders being executed for the south-west coast of America. Orders from the East are more numerous than they have been of late, and one of the leading establishments has just secured a large contract at a very fair price. The home trade is quiet, owing to the limited number of orders being given out. The steam coal trade continues in an unsatisfactory state, owing to the heavy gales, and for house coals the demand is below the average.

GOLDEN-LANE.—The condition of the inhabitants of Golden-lane renders it especially deserving of attention, not only at Christmas, but at all other times. The old people there are steeped in wretchedness, the middle-aged and adult population is composed of persons who are either poor or belong to what is known as the "dangerous class," and the children run about half-naked, uncared for, and exposed to temptations of all kinds. The overcrowding of the neighbourhood is another source of terrible mischief. The courts and alleys are packed with human beings, owing to the demolition of many small houses in other poor districts to make way for metropolitan improvements. The majority of the people are addicted to excessive drinking, to obtain which they will at times part with everything saleable, and the pale, wan faces of the children show in unmistakable language how sad is the havoc caused by the parents' love of intoxicants. When grown-up sons, daughters, and little children live and sleep in the same room as their parents, no wonder that immorality and indecency prevail to a fearful extent, and the constant association of children with depraved characters leads to early crime and misery. Very few of the adults can read or write, and were it not for the free ragged schools the children would grow up as ignorant as their parents.

THE GALES AND FLOODS.

WRECK ON THE GOODWIN AND SUPPOSED LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.

RAMSGATE, Monday. ANOTHER violent gale from the south-west sprung up on Saturday night, and blew with terrific fury, and has caused several more shipping disasters. Signals were fired from the North Sands head on Saturday night. The lifeboat Bradford put out to sea, and on arriving in the neighbourhood of the light-ship the crew perceived a large ship lying off the North Sands out of danger, but the supposition is that she had struck on the Goodwin and got off again. In response to signals from one of the light ships the lifeboat again put to sea yesterday morning, and on arriving at the Goodwin they perceived a French schooner lying on the sands. The sea was very rough, a violent gale blowing at the time, and to get at the schooner the lifeboat was run on to the sands. Six of her crew then got on to the sands and walked to the vessel with great difficulty, in many places passing through deep water. They found the vessel to be the *Gaspard* (Roussel, master), of and from St. Malo for London, with a cargo of oats. There was only the master on board, whom they rescued. He was understood to say that the crew, five in number, had taken to their own boat, and that while he went below to get something the painter was either broke or cut, and the boat drifted away, and he was left to his fate. The lifeboat crew laboured for two hours before they could get their own boat off the sands, and when they succeeded they returned to the harbour, in tow of the steaming *Aid*, with the master of the schooner. Nothing has been heard of the fate of the crew, but it is reported from Broadstairs that a ship lying off the North Foreland perceived a boat at sea with five men in her, but with only one oar. The boat continued to drift to sea, but the ship could not render any assistance. She, however, signalled for assistance from shore, and the Broadstairs boat, the *Petrel*, put out, but when she arrived at the ship the boat was nowhere visible, and it is feared, as nothing further has been heard of it, the crew were drowned.

There have been several more collisions in the Downs, some of a serious character, and the recent gales have caused some fifty vessels to put into the harbour in a damaged state. The *Ninth Deal* (Van Kook) lifeboat, which belongs to the Lifeboat Society, was out during the heavy gale for thirteen hours, with the view of rendering assistance to some of the distressed vessels, but her services were not ultimately called into requisition by any of them.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent, Jan. 3. Captain Elyard reports as follows: "Late last night signals of distress were thrown up from the Goodwin and Gull Stream Light-vessels during a gale from the S.W. The Samuel Morrison Collins lifeboat, belonging to the National Institution, promptly proceeded out in that direction, in tow of the steamer *Renown* of London, and found a foreign barque in a dangerous position near the Goodwin Knoll buoy. On speaking her the lifeboatmen found that she had been boarded by a fishing smack. They, however, remained near her an hour until she was seen to be safely at anchor, when the lifeboat returned to Broadstairs."

CAISTER (Near Great Yarmouth), Jan. 4. The large lifeboat of the National Lifeboat Institution on this

station was again instrumental yesterday, in as heavy a gale almost as any we have recently had (says the Rev. G. W. Steward), in affording succour to a shipwrecked crew, who must have perished had not the lifeboat been close at hand. It appears that a vessel, apparently a foreigner, was seen in the morning in a dangerous position, and the lifeboat was launched to her assistance. Having the security of the presence of the lifeboat, she eventually cleared herself and got away. As the boat was returning, the crew observed a vessel on the south part of the cross sand with a signal of distress flying. Approaching her they saw the ship's boat in the midst of the breakers on the sand, and, making all speed, they found the crew of the vessel in her, and they rescued them—eight in number—from their imminent peril. Some of them were only half clothed, and the boat was almost swamped, for it had nearly filled three times, and must soon have been sunk. The vessel to which the poor fellows belonged was the brig *Elizabeth*, of Blyth, bound thence to Boulogne, with coals. She is a total wreck.

TOTAL LOSS OF A TWO THOUSAND-TON VESSEL IN DUBLIN BAY.

THE special correspondent of the *Irish Times*, writing from Kingstown on Sunday evening, with reference to the loss of the *Glenorchy*, says:

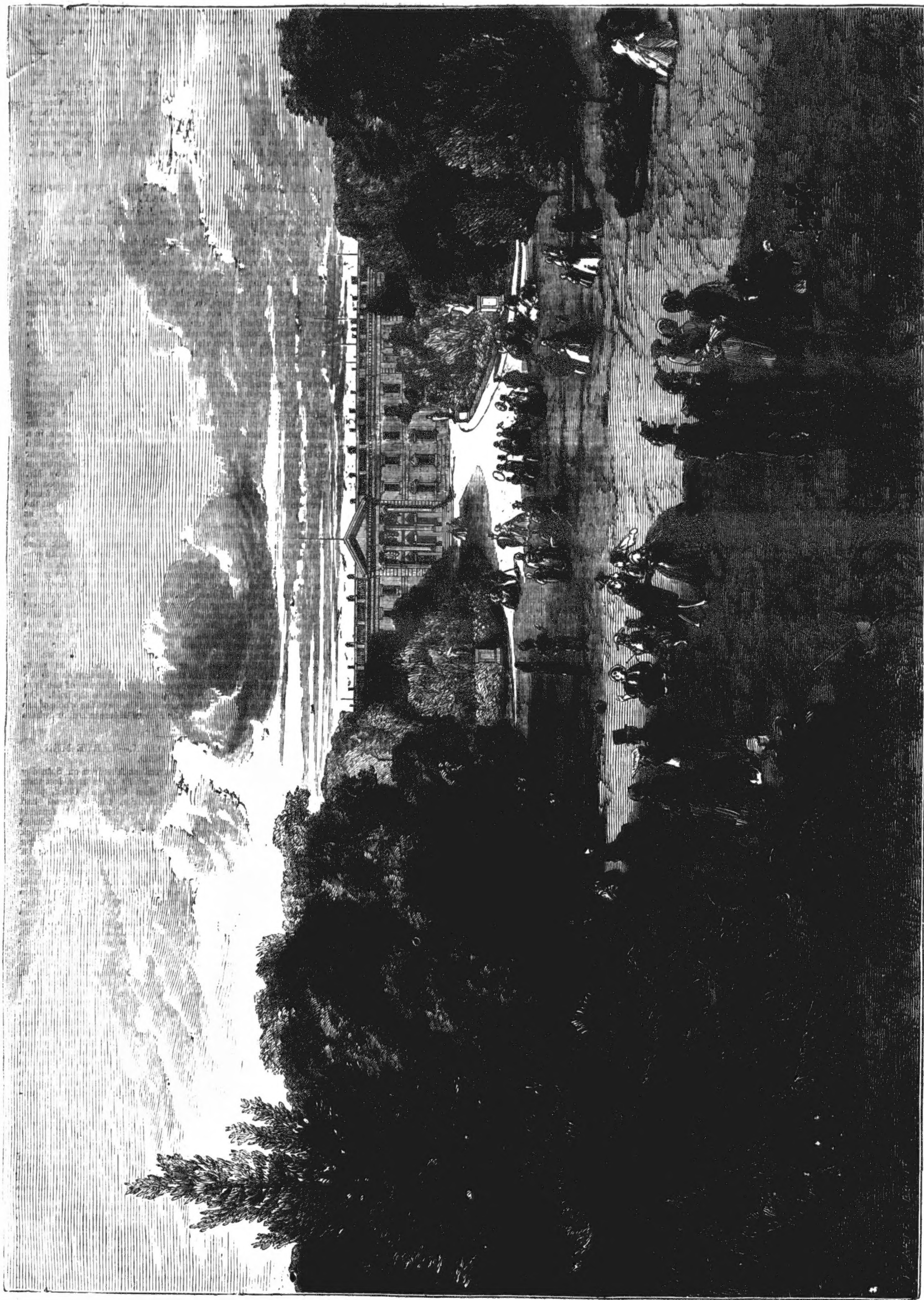
The full-rigged ship *Glenorchy*, 2,000 tons burden, under the command of Captain Meiklejohn, from Glasgow, bound for Bombay, laden with railway iron and coals, went ashore on the Kish Bank on Friday afternoon, about three o'clock, and became a total wreck. From inquiries made it seems she went ashore under the following circumstances:—She left Lamlash, where she had been windbound for a few days, on last Christmas Day, and beat down Channel with a strong south-west wind. In attempting to wear near the Kish Bank, being under easy sail at the time, and the wind blowing strong, she struck on the Bank about four miles from the Light-ship, with such violence that, in half an hour afterwards, on sounding the pumps, 4 ft. 9 in. of water was found in her hold. The influx of water continued to increase so rapidly that the captain and crew, numbering twenty-nine hands, all told, determined to abandon her, and accordingly, proceeded to lower the boats, one of which was carried away from its davits through the violence of the sea, which broke over her side. About half-past five the crew left the vessel in their remaining two boats, the mate taking charge of one and the captain of the other. The mate steered for and succeeded in making the Kish Light-ship, and the captain, in a small boat, struggled against a heavy sea, and was ultimately picked up by the steam-tug *Tartar*, which was towing the *Lady Seymour* from Holyhead to Dublin, and was finally landed in Kingstown on Saturday morning. The captain afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Clancy, the local agent of Messrs. Palgrave and Co., started for the scene of the wreck in the steam-tug, *William Hall*, and found her completely submerged, nothing remaining above water but the poop. Captain Meiklejohn, for the benefit of all concerned, at once proceeded to strip the vessel, and succeeded in rescuing his nautical instruments and some goods of a miscellaneous character, which were forwarded to Dublin per the steamers *Norfolk Hero* and *William Hall*. Mr. Clancy remained by the vessel until prevented from further exertions by the wind increasing. The captain and Mr. Clancy again proceeded to the wreck this morning, accompanied by Captain Chisholm (Liverpool Underwriters' Association), but found that the vessel had completely broken up during the night, leaving nothing to indicate her position beyond a portion of her mizenmast. I understand that she was fully insured. The *Glenorchy* was a new iron vessel, on her first voyage, belonging to Messrs. Allan C. Gow and Co., Union-street, Glasgow. She now lies in a very dangerous position for small boats and fishing craft crossing the bank, and it would be well if the Ballast Board would place a buoy over where she sank. Captain Meiklejohn attributes the loss of this fine iron ship to the effect that she had on the compass and the influence of the iron part of the cargo stowed on the top of the coals in the hold. On yesterday evening Messrs. Palgrave and Co. gave the whole of the crew an order for admission to the Sailors' Home in Dublin, where they at present remain.

SHIPWRECK AT ABERDEEN.—THREE MEN DROWNED.

A MELANCHOLY shipwreck occurred at Aberdeen on Saturday night, at the point of the pier, by which three men lost their lives. It was about midnight, when Captain Clark, pilot-master, was aroused by the information that a vessel had struck on the point of the pier. On proceeding there he found it to be the *Jeanie*, of Stonehaven, so fixed as to be in imminent danger of immediately breaking up. Two pilots were at the wreck when Captain Clark arrived, and no time was lost in getting Manby's apparatus to the place in order to fix a rope to bring off the crew. Four shots were fired before this could be effected, the rope breaking three. At length it was fixed, and two of the crew attempted to come on shore, but being struck by a heavy sea, were washed off. At this time a man was seen clinging to a piece of wreck, and a life-buoy being thrown to him, which he managed to grasp, was dragged up the side of the pier. The lifeboat was got out, but before it arrived the vessel had gone to pieces. From the time the *Jeanie* first struck until her breaking up was less than an hour. The mate, Robert Lees, who was saved in the manner before mentioned, states that at 8 p.m. they were caught in a gale off Stonehaven, the sea sweeping the decks until 11.25 p.m., when they endeavoured to make for Aberdeen Harbour, and, as stated, struck on the pier. The schooner *Jeanie* was coal-laden from Wemyss, and was the property of a baker in Stonehaven, and had four of a crew—viz., John Craigie, master, belonging to Johnshaven; James Adams, seaman, belonging to Stonehaven; William Burness, seaman, belonging to Stonehaven, all of whom were drowned, the only one of the crew saved being the mate, Robert Lees, who also belonged to Stonehaven. The night was a very stormy one, a heavy gale accompanied with rain blowing from the south-east. It deserves to be mentioned that everything was done that could have been under the circumstances, and that the two pilots, John Smith and William Walker, along with Captain Clark, exerted themselves manfully, although unfortunately unsuccessful in saving the whole of the crew.

FOUNDERING OF A VESSEL OFF THE SALTIE ISLANDS.

WATERFORD, Monday. THE *Sophia*, of Dundalk, from Troon, Ayrshire, with a cargo of coal to Waterford, struck on the Brandies, a cluster of rocks, north-east of the Saltie Islands, on Saturday morning. The master of the vessel, Captain James Maguire, seeing that the vessel was making water rapidly after striking, endeavoured to run her aground, but the vessel became quite unmanageable, and was sinking deeper into the water every moment. He then determined to abandon her, and all hands got into the long boat and put off. The vessel sunk shortly afterwards. In the darkness of the morning the crew knew not where to steer their boat for safety, and consequently they merely kept her tossing on the waves until daylight, without driving her forward in any direction. As soon as they could distinguish the land, they saw people on the beach, who signalled to them how to steer their boat into a safe landing-place—and so all hands landed at Forlorn Point, near Nethertown, in this county. The crew, four in number, arrived at Wexford on Saturday evening. They were received here by Mr. Allan, agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and forwarded by him to Dundalk. The vessel was 71 tons register, and was owned by Mr. Thomas Clinton, Dundalk.—*Wexford Mail*.



VIEW OF COMPIEGNE--THE AUTUMNAL RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.--(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COURSING.

THE commencement of the New Year has given a slight fillip to the waning speculation on the Waterloo Cup, and during the past few days there has evidently been an increasing desire to wager on the "Dog Derby," although it is still difficult to collect an extensive list of quotations. The appearance of frost is a great misfortune, and should the icy tyrant not be deposed forthwith by a more genial temperature, it will seriously interfere with the preparation of the Waterloo candidates. The frost seems to have been very general throughout the country, as it necessitated the postponement of the Manchester meeting, while the coursing during the past week has been seriously interfered with by the flooded state of many parts of the country. The Burton-on-Trent Club and the Holbeach meeting both suffered from the above cause, but the future prestige of these two excellent reunions have not been affected. Speaking of the Burton-on-Trent Club reminds me that another meeting is fixed for February 24 and 25, and it will take the place of the Tamworth meeting, which has been abolished. The interest taken in the sport by Lord Henry Paget, and most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood will ensure the success of the undertaking, and I anticipate the gathering will be a very excellent one. Lord Lurgan's nomination maintains its position at the head of the quotations firmly at 10 to 1, and I am glad to be able to state from a communication I have received from Ireland that Master M'Grath is going on remarkably well, and good judges who have seen him are more than ever sanguine of his chance. Mr. Blanchard's name occupies its position as second on the list very steadily, and 14 to 1 have been several times accepted. Mr. Brocklebank's, too, has an improving tendency, 1,000 to 45 having

minutes before it fell to Miss Patch. Subjoined is a full return of the afternoon's sport.
THE TRIAL HANDICAP of 3 sovs each, 1 ft, with 20 added; winners extra; second saved stake. About 1 mile on the flat.
 Mr. H. Spafford's Kingsley by King Tom—Surf, 6 yrs. 8st (Pailin) 1
 Mr. J. Smith's Harmony, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (A. Heraud) 2
 Mr. Frederick's Charton, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (G. Jarvis) 3
 Mr. J. Kay's Sweetbriar, 5 yrs, 7st (C. Matlin) 4

CAPTURE OF AN OTTER IN A FIELD.—A fine male otter, an animal very rare—at least in the home counties—was captured and killed in a singular manner at Eltham, a hilly district situated about ten miles from Canterbury. Mr. Pittell, a farmer, was passing through a meadow in his occupation, when he observed what he thought was a fox, and he directed it to the attention of a sheep-dog which was accompanying him. A chase ensued for half an hour, until the animal ran into a thick hedge, which it could not penetrate, and the dog fastened upon it until Mr. Pittell came up. The otter is a very fine specimen of its kind, in good condition, weighing upwards of 20lb. There is no river or stream of any kind within several miles of Eltham.

CARLISLE OTTER HOUNDS.—About five-and-twenty of the followers and admirers of the Carlisle Otter Hounds assembled at Miss Robinson's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Carlisle, for the purpose of presenting Mr. John C. Carrick with a testimonial, which had been subscribed for by members of the Carlisle Otter Hunting Club and others, in recognition of his services as master of the pack. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver tea service (value £30). In the absence of Mr. T. L. Bonnell, owing to indisposition, Mr. Jas. R. Creighton took the chair, and made the presentation, on

VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF COMPIEGNE.

THE Castle of Compiègne, the autumnal residence of the Emperor and Empress of the French (of which we give an engraving on page 868), owes its origin to Louis XI.; but it possessed no architectural importance until the times of Louis XV. It possesses many historical reminiscences of interest. Here Clotaire the First died, in consequence of fatigue while hunting in the forest; Chilperic the First also came here to mourn the death of his son Theodoric; and it was here that the Emperor Napoleon I. first saw Marie-Louise, when she came to share his throne. Successive monarchs of France have each in their turn greatly added to the beauties of the castle. Our engraving represents the portion of the building seen from the gardens; the length of this side of the edifice is 195 metres. The principal building, which is ornamented with very valuable sculptures, is formed by three positions connected together by an architrave, with rails which extend over the whole length of this part of the castle. The aspect of the building, as a whole is prepossessing, and in every respect well calculated for an Imperial residence.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—A most interesting and instructive little work, describing briefly, but with great clearness, the rise and progress of watch and clock making, has just been published by Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, 99, Westbourne-grove, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices, and no one should make a purchase without visiting the above establishments or consulting this truly valuable work. By its aid persons residing in any part of the United Kingdom, India or the Colonies, are enabled to select for themselves the watch best adapted for their use, and have it sent to them with



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—THE "MUMMERS."

been taken in one hand, and several smaller sums at the same figure. In the 25 to 1 division, Sir C. Molyneux is decidedly in most demand, but another nomination—Mr. R. Paterson's—has been backed to win several thousands at 33 to 1, until that price is barely to be had. Mr. R. B. Carruthers's is another nomination which has been very steadily supported whenever 30 to 1 was offered, and Mr. Bland's name has been frequently mentioned, a few investments having been effected at 33 to 1. At 30 to 1 Mr. B. H. Jones is occasionally the medium of an outlay, but the offered price seldom exceeds 25 to 1.

MANCHESTER RACES AND STEEPLECHASES.—SATURDAY.

THE frost that caused the postponement of the meeting from New Year's Day was of such short duration as to leave the weather quite open on last Saturday, when the second day's programme, together with the Trial Stakes, fixed for the opening day, was got through without further hindrance. The attendance was, however, not so large as would have been the case had the original fixture not been interfered with. The trial Handicap brought out five runners, and Contempt came in first, but was disqualified for having gone on the wrong side of a post. A second objection for not having declared the overweight half-an-hour before the race fell through. The race was awarded to Kingsley, Mr. Taylor, one of the stewards, being satisfied that Contempt had gone on the wrong side of a post. Mr. Ambrose, the owner of the filly, protested against the decision, on the ground of there being only one steward, and also on account of the decision not being in accordance with the evidence. The Hurdle Race brought out three runners, and was won by Lady Lyon—a cast-off from Mr. Saville's stable. The Stretford Steeplechase was productive of much amusement, each competitor refusing constantly, the race occupying twenty

behalf of the subscribers, in an appropriate speech. The recipient of the gift returned thanks in fitting terms, and many good wishes were expressed as to the future of the now celebrated pack. The plate presented bore the following inscription:—"Presented to John Connell Carrick, Esq., Master of the Carlisle Otter Hounds, by the members and supporters of the club. December, 1868."

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS—THE MUMMERS.

IN most of the northern counties of England it was formerly the custom of the agricultural labourers to deck themselves out in ribbons, papers, evergreens, &c., on New Year's Day, and accompanied by bands of music, perambulate the streets, realising as much fun as possible. This latter devolved principally on Bladder Dick and Besom Bet, their province being to keep off the juveniles from joining in the dances. Each troop was headed by a king and queen—the latter a moon-faced youth covered with a veil to hide his face. The "properties" of the "Mummers" always belonged to a district, and a portion of the money collected went to keep them in good condition and to repair them for the next Plough Monday. The engraving given on the present page will fully realise all the characteristics of the custom.

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London.—[ADVT.]

perfect safety. Mr. Benson, who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales, sends this pamphlet to any address on receipt of two postage stamps, and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the intending purchaser.

BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simple articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Far and wide the reputation of Epps's Cocoa has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be obtained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoas, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." [ADVT.]

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE BOARDING SCHOOL.** After which the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **ROBINSON CRUSOE**; or, Friday and the Fairies. The Box-office is open from ten till five.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every Evening, at 7. **MY WIFE'S OUT.** At 7.45, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **PUSS IN BOOTS.** Characters in the opening by the principal members of the company. Double Troupe of Pantomimists and various novelties.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.
Every Evening, at 7. **A HERO OF ROMANCE.** Messrs. Sothorn, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale; Misses Ada Cavenish, Ione Burke. **THE FRIGHTFUL HAIR.** Mr. Compton; Miss Gwynn. And **AN ALARMING SACRIFICE.**

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. Webster.
Every Evening, at 7. **DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?** Mr. G. Belmore; Mrs. L. Murray. At 7.45, **MONTE CRISTO.** Mr. Fechter, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Belmore; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss C. Leclercq, Mrs. Leigh Murray.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE FOUR MOWBRAYS.** Master Percy Roselle. At 7.45, **HARLEQUIN HUMPTY DUMPTY**; or, The Old Woman from Babyland, Messrs. Rowella, Terry; Mesdames Goodall, Parkes.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Vining.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE SECRET.** At 8, **AFTER DARK: A Tale of London Life.** Messrs. Vining, Walter Lacy, Dominick Murray, C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore; Misses E. Barnett, and Leclercq. And **MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY.**

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE TWO HARLEQUINS.** Mr. C. Lyall; Miss C. Loseby. At 7.45, **ON THE CARDS.** Mr. Alfred Wigan, M. Stuart; Miss M. Robertson. **ROBERT LE DIABLE.** Misses E. Farren, Loseby, Hastings. Two ballets. Mdlle. Bossi.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.
Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE LANCASHIRE LASS.** Messrs. Emery, Brough, Wyndham; Misses Hodson, Montague. **THE GNOME KING.** Messrs. Toole, Brough, Stephens; Misses Hodson, Carson, Rignold. **A RACE FOR A DINNER.** Mr. Clayton.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Every Evening, at 7. **SLASHER AND CRASHER.** Messrs. G. Vincent, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins; Mrs. Canfield, Miss Shavey. After which, at 7.45, **THE YELLOW PASSPORT.** Messrs. Neville, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins, G. Vincent, Cooper, Vaughan, H. Wigan; Miss Farnside, Miss Shavey, and Mrs. Canfield.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.
Directress, Mdlle. de la Ferté.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE SECRET PANEL.** At 7.30 **GLITTER.** Messrs. Jordan, Coghlan, Gaston Murray; Misses Rushon, Simpson, and Mrs. Poynter. **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.** Mdlle. de la Ferté, Miss Eveleigh.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mrs. E. Swinborough.
Every Evening, at 7. **A WIDOW HUNT.** Messrs. Clarke, Belford, Joyce; Mesdames Bilton, Maitland. **THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.** Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson; Miss Longmore. And **A COMICAL COUNTESS.** Miss Amy Sheridan.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.
Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.
Every Evening, **SOCIETY.** Messrs. Hart, H. J. Montague, Blakely, Montgomery, Sydney, Terriss, Collette, Bancroft; Mrs. B. White, Miss Carlotta Addison. Preceded by **WHO SPEAKS FIRST?** Messrs. Montague, Blakely and Miss Addison.

GLOBE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Sutton Parry.
Every Evening, at 7. **GOOD FOR NOTHING.** At 7.45, **CYRIL'S SUCCESS.** Messrs. E. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, David Fisher, Newbound, Andrews, Hurstons, J. Clarke; Mesdames C. Thorne, Henrade, Brennan, Berend, Hughes, Stephens.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.
Under the Management of Miss Fanny Josephs.
Every Evening, St. Mary's Eve. Messrs. E. Price, Paradise, Haynes; Mesdames Foote, Lovell. **TURKO THE TERRIBLE**; or, the Fairy Rose. Messrs. F. Hughes, G. Honey; Mesdames Larkin, Fanny Josephs. **AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.**

ROYALTY THEATRE.
Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.
Every Evening, at 7.30. **A LOVING CUP.** Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Miss M. Oliver. At 9.15, **THE RISE AND FALL OF RICHARD III.** Messrs. Dewar, Danvers, Day; Miss Oliver. And **THE CLOCKMAKER'S HAT.** Miss Charlotte Saunders.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.
Lessees, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.
Every Evening, at 7. **TIME TRIES ALL.** After which the Pantomime of **JACK AND JILL AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty. Clown, Mr. Croneste; Pantaloon, Mr. Gellini; Columbine, Miss Duval; Mr. Silvain.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.
Every Evening at 7.30. Herr Oscar Carré's Performing Horses. Herr A. Carré, Herr Salamonska, Loyal, M. Burgess, Les Frères Girardo, Mdlle. Krember, Mdlle. Amelia, Mdlle. Schwartz, Madame Salamonska, A. Bradbury, M. Clifton, and the Marvels of Electricity.

NEW NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. John Douglass.
Every Evening at 7. **TELL TALE TIT,** Mesdames Leslie, Chambers, Anderson, Warner; Clown, Pedro Martin; Pantaloon, Mr. Stewart; Harlequin, Mr. Howard. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. And **THE OLD SOLDIER.**

BRITANNIA, THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.
Every Evening at 8.45, the Grand Pantomime, **BHLUTZ-HERMANBOTHUM**; or, the Dwarf of the Diamond Dell.

Mrs. S. Lane, Miss M. Booth; Messrs. Bigwood, Elton, Leslie. Pantomimists, Messrs. J. Louis, E. Dean, W. Newham, the Brothers Charlotte. With the **HARBOUR-MASTER'S SECRET.**

ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE, NEW CHURCH-STREET, EDGWARE-ROAD.

Every Evening a grand Christmas Pantomime, by R. Soutar, Esq., entitled **WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT**, with the most magnificent transformation scene in Europe. Commence at seven. To conclude with the farce of **THE SECRET.**

PAVILION THEATRE, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.
Every Evening at 7. **BLUFF KING HAL**; or, Harlequin Anne Boleyn and the Miller of the Dee. Clown, Mr. John Ricketts; Harlequin, Mr. H. Ricketts; Pantaloon, Mr. R. Ricketts; Columbine, Madame Pauline; Sprites, Brothers Antonio. With **THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.**

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

MADAME TUSSEAU'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

EMELINE HOWARD.—All matrimonial appeals have been discontinued.

F. J. PORTER.—Your prize cannot be sent until we receive your proper address.

S. S.—We will give you the address you require next week.

G. W.—Olive oil and salad oil are identical, that is, one and the same thing.

Geo. J. Bell, Junior.—Thanks for your note. We will consider the matter your name.

T. M. STEVENSON, kindly send answer to your double acrostic for 1869.

The Illustrated Weekly News.
AND LONDON HERALD.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE COMING SESSION.

In a few weeks Parliament will assemble for actual work, and never before was a session looked for with so much expectation and apprehension. The Conservative classes fear that Parliament will not only disestablish the Irish Church, but will also alter the land tenure in Ireland, which they naturally suppose must lead to enactments of a similar nature in this country. There is also an uneasy impression among bankers and financiers that Mr. Gladstone, "bitten by his brother in Liverpool," will take up the only branch of political economy with which he is supposed to be imperfectly acquainted; and that the Bank Act of 1844, and the principles upon which it was framed will be not only revised, but virtually revoked. The lawyers who have always regarded their profession beyond the reach of reform, are asking one another timid questions, commercial law, and indeed law in any department of life and property in England, but more especially commercial law seems to have been made not in the interests of the public at all, but in that of the lawyers only. The Court of Bankruptcy exemplifies this. These estates are frittered away, by lawyers, assignees and the court, until nothing is left for the unfortunate victim of his country's laws or for creditors. The Act of 1862 called the Limited Liability Act, has, from the carelessness with which in some respects it was framed, and the obvious design of the framers in other respects to put costs into the pockets of the harpies of the law, created a vast amount of mischief. The crash of 1866 really arose from the incompetent and dishonest nature of this Act. Bankers, promoters, attorneys, directors, &c., issued false prospectuses; the investors were entrapped; ultimately the shareholders in their vexation and confused sense of wrong became litigants; the companies were thrown into Chancery, or the Cornish Court of Staneries; after that assigns, lawyers, and the courts fell like vultures upon the prey; and little more was heard of such estates until the last call was enforced upon the helpless and unfortunate proprietors. It is rumoured that Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, Goschen, and two or three more members of the Ministry are alive to these evils and determined to redress them. All the power of the Bar,

with the exception of a few enlightened individuals, will be put forth to resist any reform whatever. We use the word Bar generally as including the Bench, which is far more opposed to any reform in the laws or their administration than the practising Barristers are.

In the direction of Conservative fears, Liberal hopes are looking anxiously. The removal of the Irish Church which did so little good, and cost us so much for bayonets and gunpowder is intensely desired by all men of fair and just minds. That must come first in order, but it is hardly first in importance. The rectification of the law of landlord and tenant is even more urgent. It is, however, more difficult, partly because it is less understood in England; partly because many of the Whig aristocracy and country gentlemen will resist any modification which is in the interest of the tenants. As things are, both landlord and tenant suffer, by the violation of plain economical laws. Just as in the case of the repeal of the corn laws, so the adjustment of the law of landlord and tenant would give to both the classes interested peace and contentment: and the value of land and the amount of its produce would be increased. In fact, it would confer a national blessing. It is a palpable hypocrisy for the Church to teach us to say "Give us this day our daily bread," while it enforces laws which lessen production, and upholds the stupid landowners who do the same thing.

No changes are more likely to occur in future legislation more important than the abolition or modification of the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Act of 1868; and the assurance of protection to voters, who by the threats of millowners, landowners and clergymen of the Established Church are deterred from voting according to their conscience. The time is not far off when the cry of free votes will resound through the United Kingdom. The members of the present Government know this, and they will co-operate with the public in securing it.

We trust that the coming session will amend the poor law. The Act of Elizabeth has been torn and patched many a time; we must now begin all over again in this department; keeping in view justice to the ratepayers, mercy to the poor, strict surveillance of officials, and stern dealings with the idle and unprincipled.

It is believed that our foreign policy will be wise, moderate, and honest. Let our parliament and the administrative Government show all just sympathy for the oppressed, and by moral means seek their redemption. Let us as a people say this opening New Year:

Haste happy day which we long to see
When every son of Adam shall be free.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS ON THE CONTINENT.

On Tuesday night a meeting of friends and subscribers to the movement for establishing Protestant Sunday Schools on the Continent was held in the lecture hall of the Jubilee-buildings, Old Bailey, to hear a statement of the present position of the movement. The Rev. J. Viney took the chair, and dwelt upon the fact that through the establishment of religious liberty in the Kingdom of Italy, the revolution in Spain, and the bursting asunder of the Concordat by the Austrian Empire, a large field was open for the establishment of Sunday schools on the Continent, that did not heretofore exist. Possibly not much could be done with the adult population of those lands, but with the children a great Christian work could now be accomplished. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Shrimpton (travelling secretary) gave an account of the recent progress of the movement. He said that in France Sunday schools had been steadily increasing in number since their first establishment in 1852. In that year there were but 200 Sunday schools in France, but now there were 820 Protestant Sunday schools in that country (Applause). This was a great result when the national religion of France (Roman Catholicism) was considered, as well as the great hostility in that country to the Protestant religion. A present from the Emperor and Empress to the Paris Sunday schools was made under the following circumstances. In the month of April the children attending the Paris Sunday school, to the number of from 3,000 to 4,000 walked through the streets of Paris in procession to the Cirque Napoleon, but, as the French were fond of display and of having banners in processions, and the Sunday school children had none of the latter, the fact elicited a good deal of sympathy, and accordingly the Emperor and Empress sent them a magnificent green silk banner embroidered in gold. (Cheers.) In Hamburg, where the Sunday schools were established by the Baptists, the movement was progressing. In Berlin there would be a Sunday School Convention held next September, at which all Sunday schools in the world would be represented. The movement had received a great impetus from the circular issued by the highest ecclesiastical authorities in favour of it. Germany now possessed 150 Sunday schools, Switzerland 250, and Holland 286 schools, with 800 teachers and 55,000 children. On the whole the friends of the movement had much reason for congratulation on the result of their efforts. The meeting was also addressed by the Revs. E. Clarke, Henry Ollerenshaw, and Pasteur Wagner, of Malines, and a vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

LOVE LETTERS.

ARE they fair as the vision's ideal
A maiden's young fancy will raise?
Are the heroes of dreams, now the real
Young heroes to pet and to praise?
Will they calm down the pulses of passion,
Those letters that lingered so long?
Or has true love gone quite out of fashion,
Known but to romances and song?
O story! known well in all ages,
An ancient, an eloquent theme,
O letters! Love's light in your pages
Brings back such an answering gleam.
What wonder that love is eternal;
In spite of the passion and pain—
A blessing and beauty eternal
Come with the old story again.

St. James's Magazine, for January.

Really strong and cheap tea is secured by purchasing Horniman's pure tea. It has for the past thirty years enjoyed a preference in all parts of the kingdom.—[ADV'T.]

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.—SEVERE FIGHTING IN MALAGA.

Six hundred prisoners were made by the troops under the command of General Caballero de Rodas during the late fighting at Malaga.

Yesterday evening the insurgents still occupied several parts of the town, but it is considered certain that they will be easily mastered if they do not give in their submission.

Further accounts of the fighting at Malaga state that General Caballero de Rodas, supported by the ships of war now stationed at Malaga, attacked the insurgents who had entrenched themselves in the quarter of St. Trinity, while General Pavia, the military governor, made an attack on their stronghold from another quarter.

The insurgents were completely beaten, and the troops of the line took possession of all the districts held by them. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the ranks of the regular army.

In General Pavia's corps four men were killed, but on the whole the troops of the line did not suffer much. The losses in the insurgent force were considerable.

The latest advices from Malaga announce that General Caballero de Rodas now occupies every part of the town, and that the insurrection is completely vanquished. The insurgents lost 400 killed and wounded.

Advices from Malaga state that the National Guards, not proving loyal to the Government during the recent contest, have been disarmed.

Tranquillity prevails throughout the Peninsula, according to the reports of the prefects.

A rumour has been current that a pronunciamento in favour of ex-Queen Isabella had been made at Couts: but it is declared to be without foundation, and tranquillity is said to have been restored in Andalusia.

No telegram has been yet received of the arrival of General Dulce at Havannah.

The Prince of the Asturias sent to the Prince Imperial, as a Christmas present, an elegant writing-desk of marqueterie, inlaid with gold. The following morning a messenger from the Tuilleries conveyed to the Pavillon de Rohan a quantity of works of art and toys for the children of Queen Isabella. His highness followed shortly afterwards on a visit, and remained half-an-hour with the young Spanish prince and princess, and cordially embraced them both on arriving and leaving.

LIFE IN SPAIN.—Certainly the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (we do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any in the world. As a rule Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown among them, according to our meaning of the word, especially among the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of siesta days there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some special service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favourite saint. Everything connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women; and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements.

ITALY.

The *Official Gazette* says: "News has been received from twenty-three provinces of the kingdom relative to the first collection of the grist tax. In twelve provinces, for the most part in the South, the collection proceeded amid the greatest order; in the other provinces there were some disturbances, but without serious consequences, and the promoters have been arrested. At Campeggine, in the province of Reggio, riotous demonstrations were made by the peasants, who attacked the Town Hall. The Mayor called out the troops, but the people hissed and stoned them, and the troops then fired, killing six and wounding several. The ringleaders of the riot have been arrested. The Government has resolved to carry out the collection of the tax voted by Parliament, and will repress all attempts at disturbance."

The *Correspondance Italienne* contradicts the rumour that General Cialdini is ill. On the contrary, news received from Madrid states that the general is in perfect health.

Resistance to the grist tax has been manifested principally in Lombardy and Piedmont, and nearly all the millers in the former province have closed their mills, and tumults have occurred. A demonstration against the tax was made yesterday in Parma; but the people were dispersed without bloodshed.

RUSSIA.

The hundredth anniversary of the introduction of vaccination in Russia, by the Empress Catherine II., is to be celebrated in a few days at St. Petersburg. A prize of 3,000 roubles (£400) is offered by the Government on this occasion for the best history of vaccination. The competition is to be open to all Europe, and the history may be written in any modern European language.

The approaching marriage of the only daughter of the Czar, the Grand Duchess Maria, with the King of Bavaria has been already mentioned. Her Highness will, on the occasion, become a Roman Catholic, and this will be the first member of the Russian Imperial family that will ever have abandoned the Greek religion for the latter.

AUSTRIA.

According to an announcement of the Committee for the Control of the Public Debt, the conversion of the debt was to commence on Thursday last.

GERMANY.

COUNT CHORINSKI, who was some time back condemned to imprisonment for life, in Germany, with his mistress and accomplice the Baroness d'Ebergényl, for poisoning his wife, has, after manifesting symptoms of mental alienation, gone raving mad.

BELGIUM.

A ROYAL order, just issued, grants to the Belgian Minister in London honourable relief from his post, and appoints Baron Beaulieu, Minister at the Hague, as his successor. Count Van der Straten-Ponthoz, Belgian Minister at Munich, proceeds to the Hague.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

The Turkish Government has published their reply to the Greek note refusing to comply with the terms of the ultimatum.

The reply commences by declaring that no State would have

accepted so long as the Porte a condition of affairs incompatible with relations of good neighbourhood. It then examines at length the various points mentioned in the Greek note. In reference to the bands of volunteers, the reply says that the answer of the Greek Government, to the effect that the Hellenic institutions did not permit Greece to prevent their formation was inadmissible, since, in that case, there would be no security between neighbouring States in time of peace, and it would be subversive of the law of nations. Moreover, the Greek laws would allow the Hellenic Government to repress these irregularities had the Government so desired, since by Article 127 of the Penal Code the punishment of death is awarded to those persons enrolling troops without the authorization of the Government.

The Greek Government boasts of having protected the insurgents, and in granting the Cretans permission to return to their country; now it is known that the departures have only been effected by stealth, and often have been prevented by violence.

The note refutes the argument of M. Deliyanni's complaining of Turkish aggression on the frontier. The aggression is rather on the part of Greece.

Finally, referring to the subject of the expulsion of the Greek subjects from Ottoman ports, the note declares that this course was necessitated by the proceedings of those who, while receiving generous hospitality, took advantage of their position to form hostile combinations against the Government. The note concludes by stating that the Porte only replies to the Greek Government, in order to place itself right in the eyes of Europe. Had it had only to persuade those who are acquainted with current events, it would have left them to judge between the silence of the Porte and the Greek note.

The *Levant Herald* of to-day announces the landing at Syra, on the 31st of December, of 650 Greek volunteers from Crete, and their enthusiastic reception by the population and troops.

Mr. Morris, the diplomatic agent of the United States, has received orders from Washington not to take Hellenic subjects under his protection.

The *Correspondance de Smyrna* justifies the measure of the expulsion of Greeks from Turkish territory, stating that the European journals, which blame the step, are not aware of the actual position of the matter. Almost all the Greeks in the Levant have either irregular naturalization papers or are Hellenic subjects, who have all conspired against the Porte, or at least subscribed to the support of the insurrection in Crete. The intended expulsion of these persons is not an arbitrary act, violating the law of nations, but is, on the contrary, a measure of self-preservation.

M. Valourites, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, has been appointed to-day Minister of Finance.

A regiment is being formed, called the Royal Guards.

UNITED STATES.

THE Government is prosecuting a vigorous investigation into the whisky frauds, and has seized several distilleries for evasion of the revenue tax; among others, one at Boston, valued at 150,000 dollars.

The *New York Tribune* says that General Grant, in a recent interview with a senator, denounced the appropriation of public money to aid the Pacific Railroad and other enterprises, and favoured retrenchment and rigid economy of the public funds.

The report of Treasurer Spinner, says a *New York paper*, speaks of the feminine clerks employed in his bureau in the highest terms, and it is understood that he will recommend that they be placed on an equality with the male clerks of like qualifications. The highest rate of pay of the former class is 900 dollars a-year, while the lowest grade of male clerks receive 1,200 dollars per annum.

CANADA.

A PETITION in favour of legislative action on the question of marriage with a deceased's wife sister is being circulated among the members of the Local House of Assembly at Toronto. The petition was sent out by the secretary of an association formed in England to assist in annulling the enactments that make it illegal there. The petition, according to a *Toronto paper*, had the signatures of fifty-six out of the seventy members of the Legislature whose approval had up to that time been asked for, and of nearly all the members of the City Council. This shows the very marked progress which this question has made within the last few years. Public opinion is undoubtedly tending in the direction of relaxing the law forbidding the marriage referred to.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

INTELLIGENCE from Paraguay, dated the 28th of November last, confirms the news of an attack having been made on Villota, and of the repulse of the Allies. Three Brazilian frontiers were injured. The coasting trade has been open to foreign vessels for another year.

HAYTI.

IN Hayti, Nonnil, the President of the South, is dead. Miragoun and the adjacent places had fallen into Salnave's power. Severe fighting took place before the surrender.

It is reported that Jacmel and Jérémie in the South, and St. Mark in the North, are in favour of Salnave.

The coffee crop is still a monopoly in the hands of the Government. Commerce is at a standstill.

The November and December mails have not yet been delivered at Port-au-Prince.

SENEGAL.

CHOLERA has broken out at the French colony of St. Louis, in Senegal. According to the *Gazette de France* the natives are dying at the rate of 100 a day.

INTELLIGENCE from Cuba states that a Spanish force, 4,000 strong, is marching against the insurgents at Bayamo.

Ten thousand sailors who speak the English tongue enter the Port of Marseilles every year.

THE Hon. Anson Burlingame, the Chinese Ambassador, left London for Paris on Saturday morning, and will return to England during the session of Parliament, to complete important negotiations with the Government.

A PARISIAN journal says: "The Princess Mathilde is having a model farm established in her park at Saint-Gratien. It will be on a large scale, and in accordance with the suggestions of the Princess Baciocchi, who has sent there some small cows without home."

THE French tribunals have just sentenced two reverend fathers of the College of Tivoli, at Bordeaux, to a fine of 300 francs and ten days' prison for having whipped a boy, whose parents brought the matter into court. The evidence showed that the lad had been severely chastised, and that all the other scholars had suffered corporal punishment. Flogging was declared illegal in 1792, when Lanthemas, an intimate friend of Marat's, presented his report on primary instruction to the National Convention. M. Charles Sauvastre, making a jocular allusion to a pamphlet recently published by Monsignor Dupanloup, says that parents are now made aware how their children are educated "Sur les genoux de l'Eglise."

GREY or faded Hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORE. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

"St. James's Magazine," for January. ONE of the most lively, spirited, clever, and interesting of the magazine family. Very few of the former numbers have equalled that which begins the year. We even doubt whether it does not surpass all its predecessors.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine." Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster Row, London.

WELL illustrated, well written, and well conceived. The only thing about it which is not admirable is the cover. If the reader "gets over that," and looks inside, he will forget the cover in the contents.

"Beeton's Great Book of Poetry." Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster Row, London.

THIS Great Book of Poetry, has very much prose in the present number. It is, however, very interesting prose consisting of the biography of eminent men, not only poets, but men of parts, in various departments of intellectual achievement.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography." Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster Row, London.

STILL solid, interesting, and instructive. There is an agreeable character in the numbers of this valuable serial seldom attained. We advise all our readers, young and old, to buy "Beeton's Dictionary of Geography."

Household Words, Part IX. By Charles Dickens. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Not surpassed, hardly equalled, by any previous part. We agree with the "Tomahawk" in saying that the most appropriate Christmas gift for Charles Dickens is "A Bushel of Incense."

Beeton's Boy's Own Magazine. Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster Row, London.

THIS is an illustrated Journal of History, Adventure, Fiction, &c. When we say that the gifted and graceful pens of Percy St. John, and Captain Mayne Reid are employed in this serial, we have no doubt that all our readers will favour "The Boy's Own" in their families.

The Young Englishwoman. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster Row.

The Young Englishwoman is not at all like "The Girl of the Period." Quite the contrary. She is a model of domestic and social, and personal excellence. Sometimes she is a very pretty matron, and where can the world show a prettier matron than a "Young Englishwoman," "Girls and Boys" both read "The Young Englishwoman."

Bible Animals. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, A.M., F.L.S., &c. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

THE XIII. part is now ready for the public. Never in the course of our editorial duties did we write so highly of any work as of this. It is one of the most beautiful, useful, and instructive works even issued to the public. No family that values the Holy Scriptures should be without the Rev. Mr. Wood's treatise on "Bible Animals."

A NEW magazine called the *Idealist* is about to appear. It is to be composed entirely of poetry and essays.

"TALES of Life and Death," is the title of a work in the press, by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley.

THE Hall of Arts and Sciences is fast progressing at Kensington, and is expected to be roofed in next summer.

THE full-sized oil portrait of Rossini, presented to the Kensington Museum by the Trustees of the Musical Union Institute, is now placed in the reading-room.

MR. CHARLES MENCIER has painted a full-length portrait of Lord Napier of Magdala, for the Junior Carlton Club; a work of merit and a good likeness.

SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER has undertaken the "Life and Correspondence of Lord Palmerston," which will be published by Mr. Bentley.

THE death is announced at Paris of M. Louis Deenoyers, aged sixty-six, for thirty-two years head of the literary portion of the *Siecle*. The deceased was the original founder of the *Charivari*.

MR. MARK LEMON will leave London with his little troupe for a month's tour through the provinces on the 11th of this month. He will be supported in his dramatic readings by those who played with him at the Gallery of Illustration.

FOR subject of the prize of 1,000fr., founded at the French Academy of the Fine Arts by Mlle. Esther Le Clère in the name of her brother, deceased, the following is proposed: "A monument to the memory of Rossini." The plans must be sent in before March 30, 1869.

It is said that a French chemist has invented a new way of preparing glass for mirrors. It is coated with an exceeding thin layer of platinum, and becomes, mysteriously, not only a perfect mirror, but also remains so transparent that it may still be used for windows.

A NEW London weekly newspaper is about to be published under the title of the *Asiatic*. It will seek to promote the development of our Eastern possessions, and also afford to Anglo-Indians and others an opportunity to discuss matters of public interest relating to those countries.

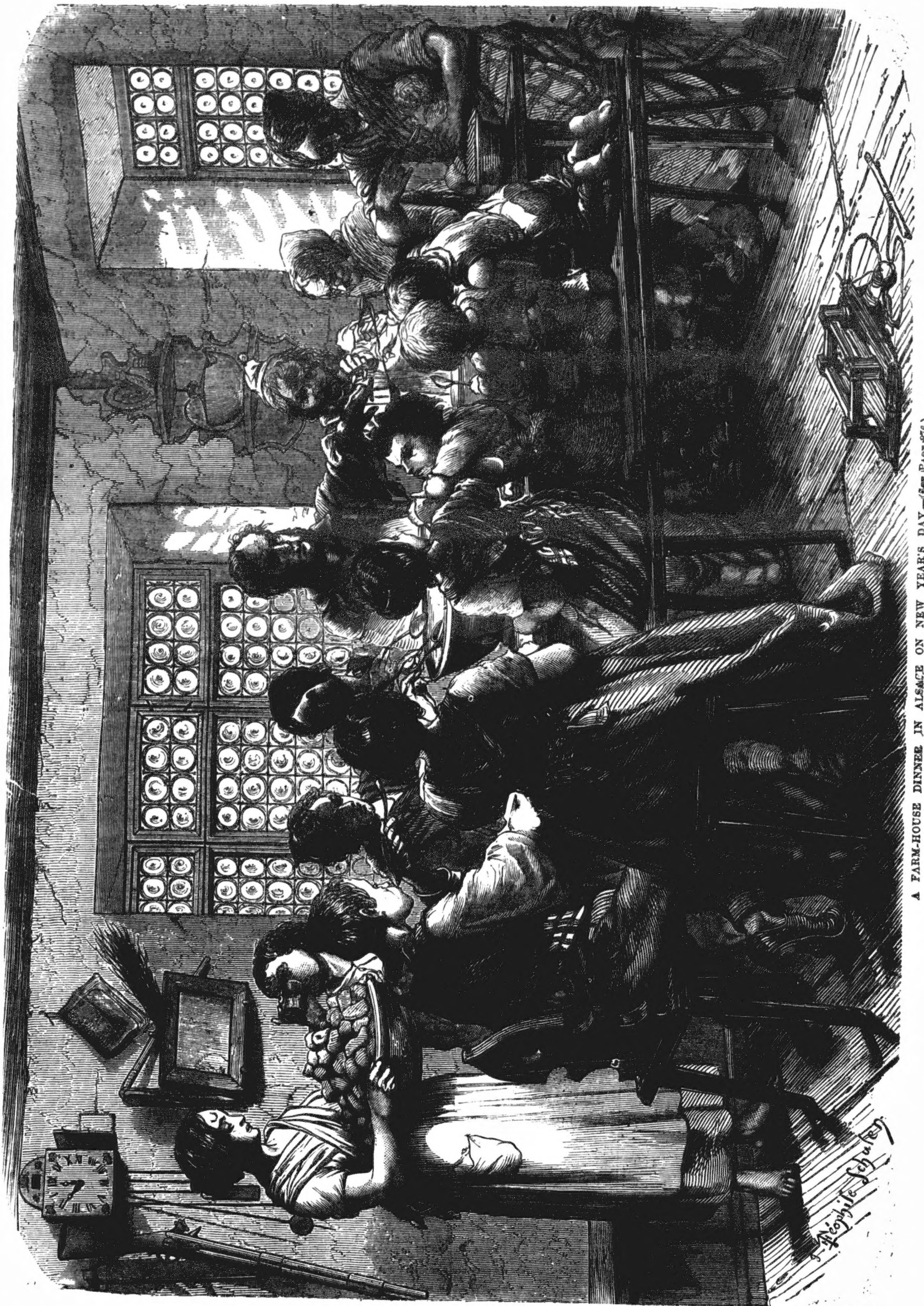
MR. HOLMS, of the British Museum, has given to that institution many of the sketches which were recently made by him in Abyssinia, including the little portrait of the Emperor Theodore. The donor intends to publish photographic copies of many of his drawings made in Abyssinia.

AN art-school for girls has been established and opened at Munich. The merit of originating this benevolent institute is entirely due to a committee of Munich ladies, who, with unremitting care, have at last completed their task. We are glad that England has in this been a little ahead of art-forming Munich.

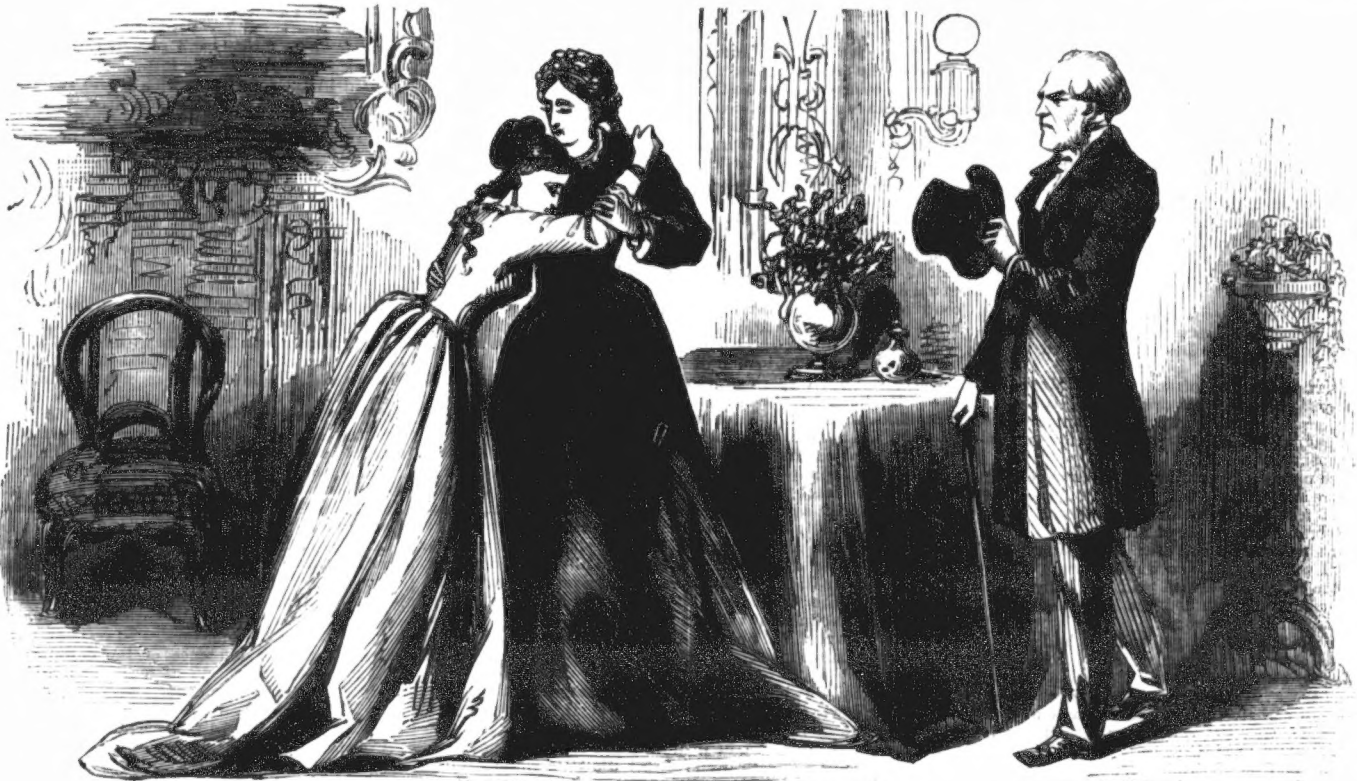
MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS is preparing a biography of Rossini, which we believe will very shortly appear. Mr. Chorley likewise announces that the production of a life of Rossini has been in his mind "for more years than he cares to number," and states that he would be grateful for any assistance from those who may have special records of the maestro to relate.

THE number of girls entered for the Cambridge Local Examinations just held was 201 (241 juniors and 160 seniors), against 232 entered last year. The number presenting themselves for examination in the London centre has increased from 62 to 136. The girls were examined at sixteen centres—Banbury, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Cannock, Derby, Huddersfield, Leeds, London, Manchester, Norwich, Reading, Sheffield, Wakefield, and York, six of the towns being new centres. The proportion of senior girls to junior was two to three, while the proportion of senior boys to junior was less than three to sixteen, and this disparity seems to be permanent.

THE Stereoscope Company have published a Box of Christmas Novelties, more or less scientific, for the holiday time. The box contains an elegant toy called the "Electric Wand," which works a series of interesting experiments. The transforming medium, when burnt in a darkened room, will afford much astonishment by showing every face under a strange colour. The box contains half-a-dozen pretty, amusing and safe scientific toys.



A FARM-HOUSE DINNER IN ALSACE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—(SEE PAGE 876.)



"BEAR UP, AND BE OF GOOD HEART."

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF THE DEAD.

COLD and dead at heart, shattered in senses, confused in mind, and benumbed in body, Annabel, with the aid of her kind friend, went to her own chamber, and sinking upon a couch remained rigid and silent, seemingly unconscious of the presence of Mrs. Monnoter, dead to the world and all in it.

Her kind and gentle-hearted motherly guardian watched in fearful anguish the icy features of the stricken girl, whose grief was too great to be killed by tears.

Mrs. Monnoter wished Annabel could cry; she addressed the poor girl, but could get no reply.

"Come, come, Annabel my pet, remember the life of poor Sir Charles is spared, and while that is left him, there is a chance of recovery."

Then a quivering moan came in reply, one that shook the fair young creature's delicate frame, and smote on the ear of Mrs. Monnoter with stricken pathos only to leave its sad echo in her heart.

Mrs. Monnoter knelt down by Annabel's side; her heart beat with gladness as she saw a few liquid glittering drops roll down the cheeks of the bereaved girl. Her grief was very natural, she was quite alone in the world, without father, mother, brothers or sisters, and she knew no kindred of any kind, and then to lose her guardian whom she looked up to as a father.

But it was not so much for her own sad lot that she wept, it was for her protector, old Sir Charles Merton, whom she pictured to herself in the asylum of the mad chained down to his bed, brutally ill-treated, perhaps tortured quietly to death.

The poor girl's knowledge of such places was very limited, her imagination did not help consolation. A madhouse in her idea was an abode of horror and cruelty, and she shuddered and wept at the doubtful fate of her aged guardian, her father in all but name.

Mrs. Monnoter, assured now that all danger was over, since the silent anguish had given way to poignant grief, went down to see if Morton Luke had gone, and she found he had, but with the thoughtfulness of a gentleman, had left a few lines pencilled on his card, saying that he would wait upon her again in the morning.

Mrs. Monnoter thanked him in her heart for his delicacy in thus departing, and she was anxious to see him again, to ask his advice; they needed advice now.

But it was a long dreary night with her and her lonely charge. Mrs. Monnoter would not go from Annabel's side, and she, in the sacred solitude of her bedchamber, forgot for the time that the world in consequence of her age had endowed her with the dignity of woman, and became a child as she nestled to the breast of her loving friend, and lay there, feeling relieved while such a refuge was open to her despair.

Morning brought little relief with it; such sorrow as theirs was not that of a day.

When Norton Luke came again, he found Annabel calm, pale, but still icy and wearily pensive. She seemed dead to all hope now, tired of expecting to hear good news, to hear of him she had loved and lost; and never heeded the looks that made his face almost joyful in its self-complacency. Mrs. Monnoter, still with a blind faith in the future, saw the change that brightened his face with a happy glow.

She rose and shook hands with the detective, and requested him to be seated.

"Have you heard any more news?" she asked, with a smile that said "We can bear it if you have."

"Such news—madam," Norton Luke answered, full of grave earnestness: "Such news, as I would, had it been necessary, have given five years of my life to obtain, and another five years to be the bearer of it to Miss Clyde."

He paused. Annabel, wondering at the meaning of the words, paid attention to his speech. He went on.

"This morning I received a private communication from a secret source, that has made me fly here, earlier than I should have done." He took from his pocket a large official-looking document of thin blue paper, and bearing a foreign postmark.

"I will read it," he said with a hesitation in his voice, that for a moment made Mrs. Monnoter wonder at the cause; that was soon explained.

"Though," he went on, still looking wistfully from one to the other, "what I have to state is one of the strange, unaccount-

able acts of mystic Providence, its details may be more distressing than was the ill-fated news of last night. Can you—do you think—that is—"

He paused.

"Can we bear it, you would say," interrupted Mrs. Monnoter. She smiled sadly, and pointed towards Annabel, as though to convey her meaning.

"Look upon that stricken heart sore creature. Does she look as though mortal affliction would affect her. She is stone now, dead to sorrow—you may speak."

He sighed quietly, and began to read the document. It was dated from Brussels, and ran as follows:—

"To Brother Lamb,

"Acting upon your suggestion of a week or so back, I followed up the trail you so wisely pointed out to me. The doubt you throw out on his death, concurred with my own ideas, and we soon discovered something tangible if not certain. That Captain Chandos Merton was wrecked when the steam vessels came in collision off Boulogne is beyond a doubt, and that he was not drowned I have existing proof. I have followed his trail; he is now at Brussels, but does not know I am on his track; my knowledge has been kept to myself—strictly so. I should have hunted him down ere now but for your instructions. Like you, I do not believe he was guilty of the murder, though my duty compels me to set aside heart and conscience; still, if you, my dear brother Lamb, wish me to remain passively on the watch I will do so. He is my prey and as safe as if he were in prison. What is your wish? Reply at once.

"Yours, &c.,

"Richard Wilde."

"Good heavens?" gasped Annabel, remaining as though frozen to her chair, "Chandos alive! God is indeed good!"

She was too overcome to say much more—but she grasped Morton Luke by the arm, "Sir, you are sure, sure of this?" and, still, violently agitated, asked—

"Miss Clyde," he said kindly, and allowing his hand to close upon hers that rested on his arm, "Miss Clyde, I would not deceive you in this. If I must pain you, I will read the few lines which compose the official statement," and he read,

"Captain Chandos, the Chevalier De Merton, convicted murderer of Stella Levison, is alive and at large."

Annabel gave a loud gasp; the tidings did not bring all pleasure, though she could have wept for joy.

If Norton Luke thus knew Captain Chandos was in existence, and moreover his whereabouts, would not the news spread with the people, would not the bounds of the law be on his track and drag him before a Court of Judges to be tried unjustly for a crime he never committed.

She thought of all this while the detective was speaking, and some of the alarm she experienced was visible in her face.

"Do not," Norton Luke said, "be under any apprehension concerning the safety of Captain Merton. Robert Wilde received his reply—this is a copy of it."

The copy was—

"Brother Wilde,

"WATCH AND WAIT; BE A FRIEND AND PROTECTOR TO HIM NOW—AN ENEMY WHEN REQUIRED."

"By that I mean," explained Norton Luke, "that this Wilde is the same profession as myself. We are freemasons too. We are bound by more secret ties than one to each other, and are true to the death. I have written to him and explained the Merton mystery, as we style it; and if by chance he discovered Captain Merton, to always keep him in sight, become his friend, so as other officers of the law should not get Chandos Merton, who is safe so long as things are thus kept quiet. When we can prove his innocence, then Wilde will discover himself, explain affairs, and come over with him. If he is guilty—and God forbid it should be so—there is no help. Wilde will, for my sake, and thereby for yours, Miss Clyde, let him escape; the rest will remain in the hands of Providence."

"God bless you for this!" exclaimed the agitated girl. "God bless and protect you!" She would have said more, but for the sobs that broke her utterance, and Norton Luke, wishing to save them any pain, quietly withdrew, saying he would pay one more visit ere he returned to Uckworth.

Mrs. Monnoter and Annabel were alone, to cling and weep together, weep in mingled grief and gladness; grief for the fate of Sir Charles Merton; gladness, joy, such as only they could experience, at the news of Captain Chandos existing in this world still. But this scene that should have been sacred from the gaze of vulgar menials, was broken upon by the presence of a servant who came to the door and announced, "a person" wanted to see the ladies.

Mrs. Monnoter, with averted face, that her grief might not be seen, would have refused being intruded upon by any stranger,

had not the individual, who had rudely come boldly followed the footman, with a blackguard impertinence, stood before the astonished Mrs. Monnoter.

The intruder was not a pleasant looking man. By his appearance in all ways one would never think of associating him with honesty, but as a foe, and a most unrelenting one.

The man had a hollow, cadaverous face, black and sunken shifting eyes, and a mouth so straight, so sensual, so brutal, as to almost be repulsive.

Mrs. Monnoter, standing up before Annabel, regarded the fellow haughtily in silence. He did not relish his reception, but grinned ghastly as he spoke in a voice, that coincided well with his looks.

"I beg your pardon, ladies,"—that was saying what he did not mean; "if I intrude, I'm 'Mr. Iris—John Iris, lawyer, and am come from Mr. Gordon Saville, of Uckworth, to tell you that in consequence of his recent marriage, he will require this house in the course of a few days. You will be kind enough to complete your arrangements without delay, as the house will have to be prepared for Mr. Saville, whose servants will be here in a few days."

This was the last thunder-bolt hurled upon the devoted heads of the two lone women. What mockery did the old man utter—what arrangements had they to make? Mrs. Monnoter was not rich. The property that came by right to Annabel from her father could not yet be claimed by her, and in consequence of the madness of General Merton would be held back.

Poverty now stared them in the face, that is, comparative poverty to what they had been accustomed to.

"By whose right or authority are we to be turned from this house like dependent beggars?"

"By the right of Mr. Gordon Saville, Madam, who has the power to act as he may choose, the property being his wife's, and consequently his. As master he authorises whatever he may feel disposed to; as servant I obey;" and he bowed awkwardly as though he had explained matters beyond all power of argument.

"There is no reason assigned why we should obey too."

"The reason that you stand upon another man's rights, and must give them up by law; you must obey when you have no power to oppose—you cannot oppose with nothing to back you."

This sounded like argument, and Mrs. Monnoter wondered to hear it from such a man. Annabel, listening in silence, felt her proud spirit rise within her, and was glad when she heard Mrs. Monnoter reply, with all the imposing hauteur of her nature concentrated:—

"You can return to your employer, and tell him that until the law has proclaimed him the rightful successor to Sir Charles Merton, the master of this house, I will remain, and defy him. There is time yet to contend the point with the base swindler who usurps another man's property, and for all I know came by it by foul means."

"Libel," murmured Iris, quite unmoved.

"You will leave this house, sir, and convey back my message to your employer, whom you can inform, at the same time, it is our intention to investigate the late proceedings. To see General Merton, have undeniable proof of his dreadful sufferings having come about through the natural course of events. That he has left the whole of his estates to his half sister, I never will believe, unless he tells me so. Leave the house, sir; you can remember what I have said, and also that in future you will be put in communication with our lawyers. You will please retire."

"No more libel," the baffled visitor muttered, with a grunt of discontent. "Good-night, ladies;" and he went, looking sallow than ever—vicious, vengeful, and dangerous.

When they were alone, Annabel looked at Mrs. Monnoter with an expression that plainly said, "When and how will all this end?"

"Do not fear, love," answered the kindly matron. "Bear up, and be of good heart; we are not quite penniless or friendless yet—our battle with destiny will be a severe one; but we shall conquer yet—God and our right—will carry us through. The mystery that envelopes the base deed that has confined Chandos to a life of ruin will be cleared up. I do not despair of poor Sir Charles's recovery; and never will utterly desert him, or anything belonging to him, until compelled by those we cannot oppose. Let us forget our grief in seeking to do our duty to those we owe it to. Let us visit Sir Charles even in that horrid place. And you, love, must not lose any of your vigilance in breaking the chain of guilt which is round one to whom you are bound by your voluntary vow for life. Drive away sorrow, my pet; throw off that dreadful half-mourning, and we will go out. We are but women; but destiny wills that we should show the courage and fortitude of man; the quiet stealth of a cat and the craft of a statesman. Come, love, we will cling to our home until cast forth by force."

She took Annabel to her breast, and seemed so confident, so strong and determined, that the poor girl gained courage, hope,

and energy. She felt safe while such a protector watched over her, and kept for her a home, that, alas, was only too soon to be snatched from their heads by an awful unforeseen event that would help to darken their troubles still, as though there were no longer mercy for them on earth.

CHAPTER III.

ANNABEL'S DANGER.

ANNABEL CLYDE sat alone in the drawing-room of the house in Eaton-square, the solitary remnant of her guardian's fortune. What wonder if her sweet face looked pale and anxious, and those glorious hazel eyes, which erewhile flashed so brightly and brought so many captives to her feet, were now bedimmed with tears, as she thought of the future, which loomed dim and shadowy before her, and lost nothing of the terrible from the uncertainty which veiled it.

Sad it was that one so young, so fair, so fitted by Nature in every way to enjoy life, should yet be condemned to one of unhappiness, and to fight her battle with destiny hampered with a load of sorrow.

Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Monnoter. "Why, Annabel, dear," she said, "not dressed yet! Have you forgotten that we promised to lunch with Lady Montague this afternoon? Run and put on your things, you will grow melancholy if you sit there moping by yourself."

Annabel Clyde looked up into the smiling, good-tempered face of the woman whose care and kindness had made her forget that she was motherless, and felt the gloom dispelled as the sweet, kind tones of her voice broke the stillness of the room.

"I had forgotten the promised visit, dear Mrs. Monnoter," Annabel replied, "but I will not keep you waiting long. Please order the carriage, by the time it is here I will be ready," and with a smile which would have subdued the most determined misogynist, Annabel passed out of the room.

She kept her promise; before a quarter of an hour had passed, Annabel Clyde and Mrs. Monnoter were on their way to the residence of Lady Montague, at Rutland-gate. Soon the carriage stopped at her door, and the servant, summoned by a knock such as only a Belgravian footman can give, ushered the visitors into the presence of Lady Montague, who was conversing with a gentleman she introduced as Captain Lewis Crowbert.

As this gentleman will play an important part in our story, we will take the liberty of describing him a little minutely to our readers.

Above the height ordinarily assigned to man, Captain Lewis Crowbert's perfectly-proportioned figure prevented his height from appearing awkward or ungainly, every movement of his symmetrical form was full of grace and ease, combined with a dignity which added a tenfold value to his manner; his complexion was rather pale, the hot sun of the East had but slightly tinged his face with a colour warmer than its natural hue, a heavy moustache, of a colour rather lighter than his dark brown hair, shaded the lower part of his face, but could not conceal the well-cut mouth and chin, whose every line expressed a will and determination far above the common. In his large dark brown eyes, though generally soft and tender in expression as a woman's, there yet lurked a latent fire which required but an occasion to blaze forth with terrible power, as the soft sheath of the lion's paw serves to conceal the dreadful claws beneath.

"I am so glad you have come," said Lady Montague. "I was almost afraid you were going to disappoint me; I wished you very much to know Captain Crowbert, as he was a very old friend of your father's, my dear Annabel, and I am sure that any one who possessed his friendship would be sure of having yours."

Annabel looked up at Captain Crowbert as Lady Montague concluded her sentence, but was obliged to avert her face from the ardent, admiring gaze which he directed towards her.

"You are quite right, dear Lady Montague," said Annabel, "I shall be very happy to possess the friendship of Captain Crowbert. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to meet those who knew and loved my father when alive, and appreciated the nobleness of his character."

Lewis Crowbert, usually so self-possessed, and whose equanimity few things could disturb, attempted to reply, but stammered and hesitated like a schoolboy. Poor Crowbert! that undaunted courage which had stood the test of twenty battles, broke down before the artillery of a young girl's glances, and a few words spoken in her soft, melodious voice had sufficed to put him to the rout.

At last he stammered a few words of thanks for her proffered friendship, and, reassured by the graceful ease of her manner, soon recovered himself, and in his turn astonished Annabel.

All the rich and varied stores of his mind, trained in the school of experience, he brought forth, and poured into the delighted ear of Annabel; all the information collected by a powerful, observant mind, and embellished by a brilliant, poetical fancy, which adorned the facts he related without detracting from their truth, was employed to fascinate Annabel Clyde, and prepossess her in favour of the narrator; but, unluckily for Captain Crowbert, the heart he was endeavouring to storm was already garrisoned, and that by one who could never be driven out. Annabel's love and faith in Captain Chandos were not to be shaken; his unexplained silence, though it filled her with grief, never detracted one iota from the unbounded trust she reposed in him, though Lewis Crowbert's great attractions of mind and person might, and no doubt would, win her esteem and friendship—more they could never do.

Lady Montague, who had been hitherto little more than an attentive listener, interrupted the conversation by ringing the bell for luncheon, which was soon brought up, and discussed by the party.

Captain Crowbert now turned the conversation upon Chandos Merton, unaware of the deep interest that Annabel Clyde took in him, although the conscious blush that suffused her lovely cheek at the mention of his name would have betrayed her if Lewis Crowbert had had any suspicion of her attachment.

He spoke warmly in praise of his absent friend; so warmly, indeed, as to satisfy even Annabel. His eyes flashed with a terrible anger as he spoke of the hidden treachery that had endeavoured—and but too well—to destroy, not only Merton's life, but, what was far dearer to such a man as he, his—until then—unblemished reputation. But a wonderful change came over him when he spoke of Annabel's heroism, in saving Captain Merton from an unmerited and disgraceful fate. His eyes lost their fierceness, his voice its threatening tone, and became once more soft and musical; so delicately did he word his eulogy of Annabel, that even her sensitive modesty was not offended, although the same ideas expressed by a less skilful tongue would have sounded like the most egregious flattery.

In such conversations time passes quickly; and Mrs. Monnoter, who hitherto, like Lady Montague, had contented herself with a very moderate share of the conversation, reminded Annabel that it was time to depart. With evident reluctance, which Captain Crowbert took for proof of a nascent affection, but which proceeded from a comparatively colder feeling, Annabel obeyed.

When they were ready, and had taken leave of Lady Montague, Captain Crowbert begged leave to accompany them as far as their house, alleging as an excuse that it was on his way home; but the real motive it would require no great acuteness to discover.

They arrived at Eaton-square far too soon for the wishes of Captain Crowbert, who would willingly have been driven to Jamaica or Jericho, if he had been able to enjoy Annabel Clyde's society on the journey.

For the first time in his life, Lewis Crowbert felt reluctant to

part with a woman. Others equally beautiful he had met—others, who would have been only too delighted to have obtained from him what he now wished to obtain from the lovely Annabel Clyde—a smile, a pressure of the hand, betokening more than mere friendship. It was denied him. Her parting was kindly, friendly, but even the ardent wishes that filled his bosom, and which often caused the coldest to mistake the meaning of a word and give it the one we vain would have, could not persuade him that she felt more towards him than his old friendship with her father and personal esteem might account for.

He watched the last flutter of her dress, and then turned away from the door with a heavy heart. The night air felt damp and chill, and seemed to numb his limbs and paralyse his faculties. He walked along the square with a slow, hesitating step, very different from the bold stride with which Lewis Crowbert usually paced the street. At last he drew himself erect, and said, half aloud, "What a presumptuous fool I am to expect that she would do with me as I with her—love me at first sight. I must contrive to see her oftener, and then"—the Captain drew himself up to his full height, and, as he called to his memory his handsome, manly features, and compared them mentally with those of his friend's, a confident smile lit up his face.

There was not a spark of vanity in Lewis Crowbert's disposition. He knew he was handsome, but he never attached any value either to his qualities of mind or person until the night in question, when he thought them likely to be of use in the attainment of the object he now determined to concentrate his whole energies to obtain. With a lighter step and heart he walked onward till he reached his chambers in the Albany, and bounded up the stairs with a lightness that astonished his servant, accustomed to the usually slow, firm tread of his master.

His toilette was soon completed, and, slipping a light overcoat over his evening dress, went into Piccadilly and down St. James's-street to his club. His dinner that evening had an unusual relish; the habits of the club were astonishing at the vivacity and liveliness of the usually grave and reticent Captain Crowbert. He required no wine that might give brilliancy to his eye or colour to his cheek; the fire of love better supplied its place.

When he had finished dining, he went into the smoking-room, and, sitting down in a quiet corner, lit a cigar, and thoroughly abandoned himself to the pleasurable occupation of building chateaux d'Espagne, never thinking of their frail and insecure foundation, or of how slight a breath would dispel the fairy fabric. There he stayed for a long time, never heeding the jokes of which he was the subject, or the amusement his reverie seemed to afford to his fellow-members.

At last, the noise caused by a footman removing the tray which stood at his elbow aroused him. He looked at his watch, and found it was eleven o'clock. He determined to go home and see if he could not reproduce in his dreams the happy visions he had indulged in at the club.

In a few moments he stood on the steps and walked a few yards up the street, when the thought came over him that he would go up to Eaton-square and again survey the house that now held all that was dearest and most precious to him. He paused; a cry of "Hansom, sir?" reached him. He hailed the man, stepped in, and told him to drive to Eaton-square. The cab rattled along; but when it arrived at Belgrave-square Lewis Crowbert stopped the cabman, paid and dismissed him; for, with that delicate solicitude born of love, he feared lest the noisy cab wheels should rob Annabel of a moment's rest.

A few paces brought him to Eaton-square. As he reached it he paused for a moment to admire the beauty of the moonlit sky. Transparent, fleecy clouds scudded rapidly across it, seeming to melt as they approached the soft liquid light of the moon, reappearing as they passed beyond with a steady gliding motion. Heavy masses of the same fleecy vapour fringed the sky, looking like a range of enormous snow-capped mountains, and inexpressibly beautiful they appeared as the moon lit up the edges with a clear silvery radiance.

Solitude now reigned supreme in the aristocratic region of Belgravia, those streets and squares which would soon re-echo with the noise of carriages conveying their occupants to mansions now dark and silent, but which soon, resplendent with light, will cause many a wayward wanderer to contrast his bitter fate with that of the happy inmates whose merriment seems to mock his sorrow.

Now, however, all was still; occasionally a solitary footfall was heard, becoming louder as the passenger approached the house towards which Lewis Crowbert's steps were now directed, then gradually dying away in the distance, to be succeeded at long intervals by another and another, varied occasionally by the rumble of some passing vehicle, waking the echoes of the square only for them to relapse into a silence still more profound.

Although it was past midnight, Crowbert, to his astonishment, perceived a light glimmering between the crevices of the closed shutters of the drawing-room; his surprise at this was great, as he knew that the house had no other inmates but Annabel, Mrs. Monnoter, and their servants, and he felt certain that it was not with their knowledge that any person was in the room at that time. Vague suspicion of something being wrong—what he scarce knew—crossed his mind. He passed cautiously over the road to the house and tried to peer into the room and ascertain the cause of the light, but the aperture was too small for him to see more than the light itself, which seemed to him strangely ruddy for that of a lamp or candle; its uneven flickering flare, too, could not be accounted for in that way. As his straining eyes in vain endeavoured to pierce the mystery, he saw something which at once resolved it, and for a moment almost caused his heart to cease to beat: a thin spiral wreath of smoke curled upwards from the window with a serpent-like motion, and a sharp crackling sound, accompanied with a dull roar, revealed but too truly that the awful destroyer, fire, was at work within.

For a moment he stood paralysed with horror, and then with a despairing cry of "FIRE!" that rang far and wide over the silent square, and was taken up and repeated by the echoes, he dashed up the steps and hurled his body furiously against the door.

But even Crowbert's herculean strength availed nothing against the mass of oak and iron which formed the door of the house. Headless of this, he continued his efforts, but in vain, the barrier remained immovable, while the roar of the flames and the ruddy glare of the fire increased in intensity every moment.

At this instant the glass of the windows burst with a crash, the shutters fell inwards, and revealed the interior of the drawing-room. It was a mass of glowing flame.

The long, serpent-like tongues of fire writhed themselves out of the window and licked the window-frames, which scorched and blackened under their influence, lighting up the pavement of the square with a ruddy glow.

Crowbert's cries again were heard, loud and clear, in the still night air, this time to be repeated by other voices. The hurried tramp of many feet was heard approaching, while the springing of rattles showed that London's night-watch was on the alert.

By this time several people had reached the spot and hastened to the aid of Crowbert, but their united efforts but sufficed to shake the door. His despairing fury was now something terrible to witness, he would have tried to get in at the window of the drawing-room but for the evident impossibility of the thing. Great drops of sweat stood upon his pale and livid brow, that even his desperate exertions had not been able to flush with colour.

All at once the welcome noise of an approaching fire-engine struck upon his ear. It seemed to Lewis Crowbert, at that instant, the sweetest, most melodious sound that he had ever heard. Nearer and yet nearer it approached, the red sparks flying from its funnel, and scattered on the ground from its glowing furnace; another instant and the panting horses were checked in their furious gallop before the door.

Lewis Crowbert rushed to the fireman, who rapidly descended from his seat and snatched his hatchet from him. The whole force of his powerful arm he now employed in smashing in the door. Half a dozen furious blows sufficed to demolish the lock; a few more, and the bolts started from their sockets, and Crowbert stood in the passage.

By this time the fire had reached the second floor, the staircase was in flames; but, heedless of the warning cries of the people outside—indeed, Crowbert scarcely heard them—he dashed up the stairs, shouting "Annabel, Annabel! where are you? For God's sake, answer me!"

He reached the second floor without seeing anything of her, for whom he now suffered the most fearful anguish. A faint cry reached his ear, and filled him with hope. It appeared to proceed from the next floor. He bounded up the stairs and found Mrs. Monnoter. His love for a moment rendered him selfish. He thought not of rescuing her, but eagerly said, "Where is Annabel?" "Save me! oh, save me!" said Mrs. Monnoter, as Crowbert turned partly away. Crowbert hesitated for a moment; a conflict between love and humanity was going on in his breast. Pity for her helpless condition at last conquered, and, raising her in his powerful arms, he retraced his steps through the fire and smoke which were rapidly gaining ground. In a few moments he stood at the door.

A cheer broke from the crowd as he appeared, and gave the now inanimate form of Mrs. Monnoter into the care of one of the policemen. This done, he hesitated not for a moment, but turned back and re-entered the house.

To make a way up the staircase would have seemed to any one but he the task of a madman. Several of the stairs had disappeared under the influence of the devouring flames, leaving a yawning, glowing chasm of fire. The balcony had long since vanished; the ceiling and walls were on fire; volumes of blinding, suffocating smoke poured forth and hung in dense masses over the flames which tinged the smoke with a dull red glare.

Crowbert noticed none of these things; he seemed to bear a charmed life. Heavy pieces of blazing timber fell around him—the flames enveloped him. At times he was hidden in the smoke, yet he rushed onwards unharmed, shouting Annabel Clyde's name; but, alas! meeting with no response.

Another floor was reached. A door half-open attracted his attention as he gained the top of the stairs. He rushed in. A motionless form on the ground caught his eager gaze. It was Annabel.

He thought only of her life and safety, and, snatching her up in his arms, bore her to the stairs. As he reached them they fell with a fearful crash; a shower of sparks rose, and the flame below, fed with fresh fuel, rose and roared as if in horrid triumph at Crowbert's chance of escape was cut off.

(To be Continued.)

(Commenced in number 374 of the "LONDON HERALD.")

LINES BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Better to have the love of one
Than smiles like morning dew;
Better to have a living seed
Than flowers of every hue.

Better to feel a love within
Than be lovely to the sight;
Better a homely tenderness
Than beauty's wild delight.

Better to love than be beloved,
Though lonely all the day;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand
Than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say—
"My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise
Than learned overmuch;
Better than high are lowly thoughts,
For truthful thoughts are such.

Better to have a quiet grief
Than a tumultuous joy;
Better than manhood, age's face,
If the heart be of a boy.

Better the thanks of one dear heart
Than a nation's voice of praise;
Better the twilight ere the dawn
Than yesterday's mid-blaze.

Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house
Than the king of all the earth.

HER Majesty's Inspector of Factories, Mr. Redgrave, has issued a notice reminding the public that after the 31st inst. "the Saturday half-holiday will be compulsory as regards children, young persons, and women, in all factories, workshops, and places in which manual labour is performed."

THE "Countess of Derwentwater," is now preparing for a new trial at London, to set aside the decision of the magistrates at Hexham as to "her ladyship being an obstruction on the highway." We understand that Mr. Mellish, Q.C., has been retained to watch the case on behalf of her ladyship. The illness of her ladyship, caused by the fatigue and wet whilst encamped at Dillston, is quite gone. She occupies her time in arranging the "family papers" for a fresh start.

A TRUE CHARACTER.—We are happy to say we have found the sewing machine to be quite equal to all the recommendations in your advertisement—easy to learn, easy to work, silent, making a beautiful stitch and a thoroughly lasting one.—MR. GEORGE ROBERTS, Bridge-town, Totnes, Nov. 25th, 1868. To the Willcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.

Daily testimony is received of the exceeding usefulness of the Silent Sewing Machine, and of perfect satisfaction with its work.

Those who have experienced the worthlessness of the cheap hand machines and the troublesomeness of the old noisy, two-thread machines are continually exchanging for this, the only really practicable sewing machine for family use.

A new Illustrated book of 96 pages containing a most complete summary of information in regard to it free and post paid. Machines carriage paid.

Address the Company at 135, Regent-street, W., or 150, Cheapside, E.C.

THE WANZER MACHINE.

We have examined this wonderful little machine, and find that one of the principal features, if not the chief feature, of the Wanzer sewing machine is its simplicity. This important desideratum is undoubtedly the first point to be considered in constructing a sewing machine for family use, and if the lock-stitch (which is acknowledged by all competent to judge to be the best and safest for ordinary purposes) can be produced without causing complicated machinery (which has only of late been effected), as near as possible the perfection of sewing machinery has been attained.

The Wanzer machines are worked with a shuttle, and on account of this are enabled to be worked on muslin, calico, etc., and without change of tension or needle pass to the thickest cloth, leather, etc., without breaking thread or needle, and in a family where different kinds of materials are frequently used and changed this is of the utmost importance.

The "Little Wanzer" also makes the lock-stitch and is worked on the same principle as the "Wanzer," although the shuttle is passed through the loop formed by the needle in its descent in a different manner, and is to a certain extent more simple. This machine has had an unprecedented success, and is now used by all classes of society and is acknowledged by all competent to judge to be the most perfect and simple hand machine yet invented.

Our lady readers will be pleased to hear that the Royal family have given another evidence of their practical domestic life. A few days ago they most graciously commanded the agent of the Wanzer sewing machine company to forward to Windsor one of their new hand lock-stitch sewing machines. The Princess Royal was much pleased with its simplicity, and with the beautiful regularity of the work it produced.

EDWARD HILDEBRANDT.

WHILE at Victor Hugo's I was informed of the death of my richly gifted, talented friend, Edward Hildebrandt, and to-day I find the melancholy intelligence confirmed by several English and Continental journals. Many art-students understand the talent and merit of the deceased, but, probably, no one has watched so attentively and studied so deeply—from year to year—the life of this great artist, as I have. For this reason, I have undertaken to furnish his associates, and his countless admirers in England, and across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, with his biography.

Edward Hildebrandt was born on the 9th of September, 1818, in the picturesque city of Dantzig. From his 15th year he devoted himself to painting. His father was only a small tradesman in that city. His means for the cultivation of artistic studies failed; failed so completely as not even to furnish the funds sufficient to carry him to the Art Academy at Berlin. For great minds, however, difficulties are attractions and arise only to be overcome. This youth of nineteen, unheeding the want of finances, seized his pilgrim staff, and without the intervention of the *diligence*, arrived safely in the Prussian capital.

More wearisome than the journey was the reception of the student at the Royal Academy. He had not even the wherewith to pay the entrance fee. In vain he represented his case to the director of the Academy, whom he completely failed to inspire with a belief in his powers, and who received with frigid disregard his earnest requests to be admitted during the hours of study, without payment of the usual fees. He could not get admitted, and this at the same Royal Academy that, in 1855, elected him a Member, and gave him the title of Professor—a title has a very different signification in Germany to what it has in England and France. Amidst the greatest privation he pursued the path of painting. Happily the sea painter Krause received him into his atelier, where he laboured with much success and astonishing industry. This incessant industry was one of the most prominent features of Hildebrandt's career, and lasted until his death. The paintings of the unacademical original artist soon found purchasers amongst the art-lovers of Berlin, and fetched such high prices that when only twenty-two this young artist was enabled to make with his own earnings a tour through Denmark, Norway, England, Scotland, and Ireland. From England he proceeded to Paris, to the atelier of Isabey. In his 24th year, Hildebrandt publicly exhibited his first picture in Paris, and this first picture obtained a gold medal for him. In the next year, 1843, he returned to Berlin. Here he became known to Alexander von Humboldt, the protector and indefatigable promoter of talent, and who soon became Hildebrandt's firm friend. Nothing in his former life had had such influence upon him as his connection with the great author of "Cosmos" had. The portrait of Alexander von Humboldt in his studio, which Hildebrandt painted is widely known through the medium of chromolithograph. In "Cosmos" Humboldt has prophetically erected an immortal monument to the memory of this great painter.

It was a happy circumstance for our hero that he attempted to begin a new era in painting, under such a promoter of the fine arts as was Frederick William the Fourth. The King saw and purchased several of his paintings, and gave him a commission to paint a large picture of Rio Janeiro, which was designed as a present for Prince Adalbert of Prussia. The King provided the money for the expenses of the journey, and, in 1843, Hildebrandt embarked at Havre for South America. The Riotour was extended through Pernambuco, Bahia, and the United States as far north as Niagara. In Brazil, he was most hospitably entertained by Herr Schroder, at whose house he met Rugendas, the artist. The Emperor of Brazil gave him commissions for several

paintings and subsequently decorated him with various Brazilian orders. In November, 1845, Hildebrandt left America, and brought 200 water-drawings amongst which were representations of many rare plants and flowers, which became the property of the New Royal Museum of Berlin.

This journey must be regarded as a striking epoch in the development of this artist's career; he now entered into all the storm and turmoil of the colourist's life. In most of the paintings of his succeeding years we observe a wealth of colour, and an affluence of marvellous light-effects, carried out with greater boldness—and yet at the same time a strict adherence to truth—than was ever before attempted. These paintings, these speaking proofs of immense talent, form at the same time the boundaries to the power of colour and boldness of contrasts, and represent the highest point attainable in their branch of painting: to advance another step would be to pass the Rubicon of true art: "*du sublime au ridicule, n'il y a, qu'un pas.*"

We now find Hildebrandt expressly occupied with Royal commissions, and consequent upon that his appointment as Court Painter to the King of Prussia. Now commences the fashionable epoch of his life. The handsome and famous young artist became

January, 1847, he set out on a journey to England, and the great painting—now in Berlin—of "Moonlight on the Scottish coast," is one of the results of that tour. In the autumn of that year he sailed from England to Madeira, Tenerife and the Canaries. In his return to Germany he visited Portugal, Spain and France, and once more England, and in London, at Colnaghi's, exhibited the booty of his tour, consisting of 200 water-colour drawings.

It was at this period that the first illustration from Hildebrandt's paintings appeared in the Illustrated London News. The King of Prussia purchased one-half of the Spanish water-colours, and the N—legation, in Paris, purchased the other. A well-known English nobleman wished to take the talented artist with him to Egypt. He offered him a considerable sum, but Hildebrandt declined and so lost the chance, as he also did later on, during the Prussian war, the possibility of travelling free of expense to Asia. He would not allow anything to curb the freedom of the artist. In 1851, at the cost of the King of Prussia, he travelled through Italy to Egypt, to Palestine and Jerusalem, and returned home through Turkey and Greece. In the International Exhibition at Paris, in 1855, he entered into the competition with, and by the powers of his mind, stood prominently forth in the assemblage of nations. He had sent a "Winter-landscape," and "Fishing-boats off the English Coast in a storm." (This latter prize-painting is now in Ireland, at St. Wolston, Dublin.) From the Paris jury Hildebrandt received the *grande medaille d'or*, and was also decorated with the *legion d'honneur*.

In 1856, he betook himself a second time to Norway, and visited the North Cape returning home through Sweden, taking Stockholm by the way. The water-colour delineations of this tour, resembling scenes from Oasien, were acquired by the Queen of Prussia, not, however, until, according to his custom, Hildebrandt had exhibited them in the local Art Union. One of them was also exhibited in Paris. The picture of "Hammerfest" is probably the best known of this collection. Several illustrations of it have appeared in various publications.

The combination of ideality and reality is one of the most distinguishing traits of Hildebrandt's paintings. His picture—now in Paris—of the "Aretio Sea," was adverted to, far and wide, amongst art-critics, on account of the powerful contrast between the warm light and the blocks of ice. They also vouchsafed to discuss the merits of another production of this journey; "The North Cape by Midnight," in which Hildebrandt strove to visibly produce things before undreamt of, and to depict to attentive students of his paintings, the magic circle and being of nature. In the scene shown by his marvellous picture the boundaries of human life are passed; there are behind the lonely icebergs, amongst the peaks of whose glacial walls Atlantic fountains are seen slumbering: Nature appears lifeless and humanity is no more!

Save Hildebrandt, no painter has depicted with such accuracy and suggestiveness, not only the widely different atmospheric effects of climates, but even the various times of the day. In one painting, he produces by means of his rich colours, a Sunset in the Polar Regions; and even there, amidst the direst cold, shows the heavens decked with glowing hues; whilst in other views we behold the hot climates of India and Japan bedecked with skies of an eternal blue. The "Tempest on the Sea by Ceylon," and a "Typhoon on the Japanese Coast" depict a scene of dense and sombre clouds far more terrible than any of our puny thunderstorms. In the Calcutta series heavenly colouring and wondrous cloud combinations are seen, such as are rarely beheld in our European summers. Hildebrandt was the first to make us acquainted, through his manifold scenes from nature—with the variety of fantastic views obtainable of the ever changing ocean.

The North Cape supplied him with materials for another great painting (now at Leipzig, in the possession of the Duke of Ratibor), one for which he received the great gold medal of the Brussels exhibition of 1858, and the *Legion d'honneur*. Before this he had already been elected a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

In 1859, he sent his painting "The Sea of Marmora" to the exhibition at Amsterdam, and received for it the great gold medal of Holland, as well as being elected a member of the Dutch Royal Academy.

Hildebrandt's fondest desire was to visit the Isle of Ceylon, so after paying another visit, in April of the same year, to the Channel Islands, he departed, in the September of 1862, by way of Trieste and Egypt, to Ceylon, and, ultimately, his journey was extended round the globe. The artistic results of his tour represent the greatest work of his life; they were his masterpieces, and are, in their entirety a union of so great an artistic and scientific significance that in the entire world no other work exists to rival them in importance. The collection of about 300 water-colour paintings which he brought home with him is so renowned, and has been so often lauded by connoisseurs that there is literally nothing left for me to say about them. In this tour round the world, from which he returned in June, 1864, after an absence of one year and nine months, he overworked himself, overstrained his strength, and indeed, for it, in the production of his most celebrated works, paid his life. His tremendous activity before this journey had already impaired his nervous system, and on his return to Germany no procurable medical care was able to restore health. Hildebrandt knew well what a work he had accomplished in that tour round the world; knew too well what a price he had paid for it,—and that for the production of that magnificent collection he had sacrificed his health, but he likewise felt that he had created something the world would regard as unsurpassed.

It was the same Prussian capital where formerly the Regent



THE LITTLE WANZER SEWING MACHINE. LONDON.

the darling of the female world. He was overwhelmed with orders, so that despite the exorbitant prices of his paintings he could not supply the demand for them. Each new painting brought new orders. The critics outdid one another in laudations. He gathered golden medals and prizes decorated him with foreign orders. All this fortune his honest character endured without injury. The faithful artist did not for a moment abate in his industry or forget his earnestness in the successful result of his consecrated labours. He was so genial and amiable, and so extremely merry amid the troubles of travel that, although naturally of an earnest temperament, he invariably endeared himself to company. Unlike the generality of men who are reared by the sea-shore, and who only imbibe an ordinary curiosity for shipping and marine affairs, with him the wonders of the tropics: the whole exotic world; the intense blue of the silent ocean, were always a real palpable present, and were ever presenting themselves as the highest ideal of his art, urging him to proclaim their beauty, by his talent, to his fellow men. Firstly, he was willing to select the quiet and repose of northern landscapes for the subjects of his labours. His powers were equally capable of depicting the varieties of either hemisphere. Hildebrandt had a predilection for the natural beauties of England and Scotland. In

himself had taken such care, as did also Humboldt, that such important works of art should receive public exhibition, that Hildebrandt once more resorted to. But, alas, his two mighty patrons were no more! He had become so independent, that without any commissions, he had undertaken his great tour entirely on his own account, so that on his return he had to seek for himself a locality in which to display the treasures of his travel. Bureaucratically the results of this journey had no value or importance, because they had no official character, and therefore, to this day, they have no weight, although everyone knows that they are the glory of German art, second probably to no other art work, and yet they are carried away far beyond the boundaries of the fatherland; although, as Gottfried Kinkel in his review says, they are "an honour and glory to the whole German nation;" and in their native home they are regarded with unparalleled veneration; such a contradiction will doubtless appear curious to foreigners.

Hildebrandt arranged for their exhibition in the house of a wealthy private gentleman, and in a few weeks they brought a considerable sum. His restless activity, however, soon drove him again to his labours, and he began with his "Evening in the Tropics," and "Ocean under the Equator," perhaps the boldest paintings that he had ever created. After that his fantasy was busied with the English coast, and before his decease he completed "Sunshine on the Coast of Jersey."

His paintings are to be compared only with philosophical works; they succeed in portraying the desires of thought; they are lyrical and classic poems. In his atelier he only painted oil pictures, when travelling, water colours. True to his art, true to his friends, he had also a faithful attachment for his Berlin home, which he inhabited for more than twenty years, and which,

of the extraordinary technical treatment of the copy, its wonderful fidelity, and the rare artistic harmony with which it was prepared. For my part I think it marvellous that through colour-printing the delicate texture of the ethereal atmosphere of these water-colours can be reproduced. I rejoiced with Hildebrandt at the prospect this discovery opened for the advancement of learning. I congratulated him doubly in the present case which foreshadowed not only a universal fame for Hildebrandt's paintings, but also offered such means for the general encouragement of art and learning.

The originals of the scenes from his circumnavigation of the earth are at my house in Charlottenburg, Berlin, to be seen by any friend and student of art. If we consider the works of the departed, they resemble, like the man himself, a "πολυτροπος," and can be well compared with the Odyssey, with the tales of the Ithaca-Prince at the court of Alkinoos.

His complete works appear to the mind of the observer of their beauty and marvels, as a pictorial Cosmos, and, in value and importance, rival the renowned Cosmos of his friend and patron, Humboldt. Hildebrandt died of a nervous fever, at 11 o'clock p.m. of the 25th instant. His body is interred at Dantzig. Fame and Mortality! Immortality and Death! As the man died, Clio inscribed the artist's name in the book of History, thus securing immortality to the muse's darling.

RICHARD GORNDT.

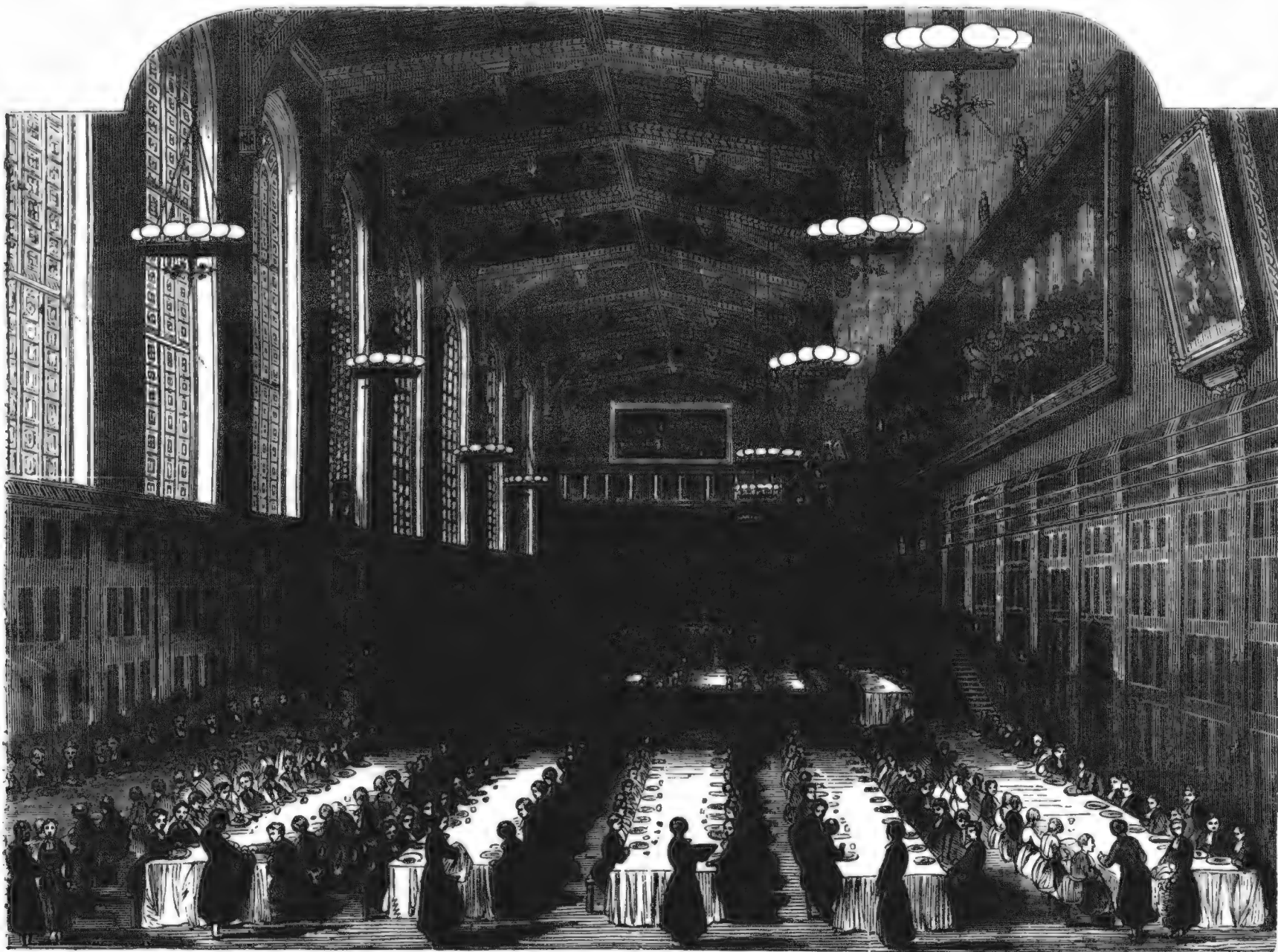
DINING HALL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

CHRIST'S Hospital, or, as it is commonly called the Blue-coat School, was founded by Edward VI. for the education of poor boys; but this object has long been lost sight of, and it is only by interest

the earthy stuff, whether compact as clay or loose as gravel, in which the pipes happen to be packed. The shareholders no not trouble themselves—speaking in a general way—concerning the leakage of gas, or the risk of the lieges that they will be blown up or suffocated, always provided that they (the shareholders) receive their ten per cent., which all the shareholders in the old-established companies have done hitherto.

The last gas explosion that we have heard of has been at the street signal-post in Westminster, at the intersection of Great George-street and Bridge-street with Parliament-street. It might have been supposed, naturally enough, that the explosion arose from imperfect construction and arrangements of the pillar itself, but that this was the cause there is no reason to believe. The roadway all round the pillar for some time had exhaled gas and seemed to be saturated with it. The hollow pillar, at the top of which the new semaphore street signal is worked could not absorb, but it could receive it as a reservoir. When the constable on duty opened the door to turn off the gas from the signal pillar an alarming explosion immediately ensued, which it may be supposed arose from the admission of the atmospheric air, and the consequent ignition of the gas accumulated from leakage. The constable's face was badly burned, his helmet was dashed off, and he was partially stripped. The report of the explosion, we are told, was heard at Whitehall, and at the end of Birdcage-walk.

For all this—the obstinate and unreasoning resistance of the gas companies to the advice of Mr. Bazalgette, who insisted upon the adoption of subways for the accommodation of the mains, the corrosion of the gas pipes, the neglect of the gas inspectors, and, in fact, the supineness of everybody who ought to have been concerned to prevent the disaster—the innocent semaphore post has to



THE DINING HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

despite its high rental, he retained during the whole of his journey round the world. His rooms, like his studio, were decorated with the master-pieces of ancient and modern art. Probably no man living was personally known, beloved and honoured by so many people dwelling in every portion of the globe as was Hildebrandt. People from Brazil, China, and Japan, from India, Manila, and other countries, have sought me in order to inquire after Hildebrandt. And, how unassuming, how excessively modest was this much-beloved man! How often has he complained to me of the too highly prized materials, because his completed paintings fell so far beneath his mind's ideals! Concerning the importance of his artistic accomplishments,—the new era created in painting, especially in water-colours by his appearance, and the peculiarity of his technical treatment, I hope to be permitted on some future occasion to address you.

The misconception of his pictures by a few individuals who had never seen anything of the tropical seas, very vexatiously disturbed the last years of his existence. One of the latest joys of his life was the anticipation of the beyond-all-expectation-successful reproduction of the paintings of his great tour round the world. Pleasing as the idea was to him of beholding the multiplication of his favourite works by means of chromolithography so was the dread of not living to witness this result sickening. Already in February last he wrote to me about the completion of the two first copies, and was quite delighted with them, saying, "I am much pleased with the chromos." As a curiosity, he related that he himself when comparing at a little distance, the copy of a "Street in Bombay" with the original, was confused. To the publisher of the facsimiles he communicated his acknowledgment

a lad can be got into the school. The hospital suffered materially by the great Fire of 1666. Then the church of the monastery was destroyed. It was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren between the years 1687 and 1705. This becoming ruinous, the buildings were taken down and again rebuilt under the superintendence of John Shaw, F.R.S. This was determined upon in 1803. The first stone of the Great Dining Hall, of which we give an interior view, was laid by the Duke of York on the 25th of April, 1825. It is in the Tudor style, and is built partly built on the ancient wall of London. The hall occupies the whole of the upper story, and is 187 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 47 feet in height, and is considered the noblest room in the metropolis.

GAS EXPLOSIONS IN WESTMINSTER AND THEIR CAUSES.

Two explosions, the last of a rather serious nature, have occurred within ten days in the immediate vicinity of the semaphore signal post, recently erected at the end of Parliament-street, Westminster.

The first explosion caused a degree of speculation as to its probable cause; the second, which has just occurred, is not the occasion of any speculation or doubt whatever. The facts appear to be simply these:—The gas pipes—main and service—seem to have lain for an indefinite time, indefinite in the mind of the inhabitants, but the time of laying is, of course, registered in the books of the company concerned. That does not matter much to the public; the pipes lie, it would seem, embedded in earth until they are thoroughly oxidised, and the gas oozes through

suffer. We are informed, on the best authority, that the signals are answering well their intended purpose, that the drivers of the ordinary street omnibuses and cabs pay respectful attention to it, and that it only needs time to achieve for it a place among our revered and established institutions.

A FARM-HOUSE DINNER IN ALSACE.

THOUGH belonging to France, Alsace is essentially German, and its inhabitants determinedly keep up their German characteristics. The large engraving of a farm-house dinner on New Year's Day in Alsace (which we give on page 872) will give a good idea of the old German contentment and social habits so long fostered by the agricultural community of the country. We need not describe this joyous family dinner; or assert that the whole of the numbers round the table appear to have the best of appetites. All is seen at a glance.

NO MORE MEDICINE.—Health restored by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette*. Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W and 121, New North Road, N. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d. 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s.—[ADVT.]

THE GARDEN:

THIS is just the season to enable us to appreciate the flowers of winter, and among the most conspicuous of these we may place the *jasminum nudiflorum*, which is clothed from head to foot with its golden yellow blossoms. The plant is a climber, and may be trained to cover the front of a house, or trail along the ground, or form a dwarf shrub, or a pot-plant grown on a stake or trellis. We have it on a house trained up to ten feet, and then allowed to weep gracefully, its branches a yard long being loaded with bloom.

The plant will propagate itself if allowed to spread, and such is its disposition to root that when the tips of its weeping branches touch the ground they strike in two or three days. Therefore, cuttings or layers rapidly become plants. They may be cut so as to make dwarf shrubby subjects in pots, or they may be trained as high as required. In the open ground they may be grown up a stake any height, and then allowed to weep. They bloom so freely, that small plants only a few inches high will be covered with flowers at Christmas; and yet this free-blooming plant, which forms such a beautiful object in the most gloomy part of the garden year, is comparatively little known. There ought not to be a solitary forecourt of the most humble house in a small row without one of these cheerful plants in the beds, borders, or in the front of the house. Trained up the side and over the street door, it would be a conspicuous as well as a beautiful object when there was nothing else beautiful to look upon. There are so few things that give life to a garden that the few winter flowering plants ought to be better known and more valued than they are.

The Christmas rose is one of those favourites that give us flower in the depth of winter, and require very little care beyond planting

very moderate growers, because they can be had in pots, and be grown in them or be planted in the open ground; nor do they require any attention beyond watering while in pots, and in the open ground they do not want that.

When the weather clears up a little we may think about cropping, but while we have heavy rains and blustering winds we had better let the garden alone. Nevertheless, as we may soon get hard frost, take advantage of dry days to sow beans, peas, and such crops as may be covered with litter or be otherwise protected—such as lettuce, onion, radish, spinach; but for private gardens small quantities will be sufficient. Some of the hardy lettuces may be planted out in warm borders. Hotbeds may be made to force asparagus and kale; for the former all the light is wanted, but kale has to be closed up in darkness. There are many ways of forcing kale. Covering up in pots and surrounding them with dung is the most general practice, except in market gardens, where whole ranges of dark hotbeds are made to furnish large quantities daily during the forcing season. Rhubarb may be forced by covering with wooden boxes that open at the top, which allow light and sun to tinge the leaves. These are also covered and surrounded by hot stable dung, which draws up the stalks, the most essential part of the plant.

But we shall go more fully into the forcing department as we progress. In fine weather, when we get it, there will be plenty of work out of doors, as well as in. Those who have a good supply of stable dung should turn it over, and shake it out repeatedly, to get it well tempered for forming permanent hotbeds for cucumbers and melons, or for raising tomatoes, capsicums, chillies, and various annuals; for those who have greenhouses or pits may lay forward with many subjects that have to be grown and pushed early. The dung will require perhaps weeks of preparation before it is fit for the permanent hotbeds; slight ones may be made to raise and prepare cucumbers and melons from seed ready for their

COLLECTING ICE IN ITALY.

THE collection of ice forms one of the principal sources of income of the Italian peasantry, especially in Northern Italy, where for a considerable portion of the winter the ice is much thicker than in other parts. The mode of collecting it does not differ from that of our English method, as will be seen from our illustration on this page. The principal market for Italian gathered ice is Paris, where there are immense wells and stores especially set apart for the commodity.

Fogs.—Those who hold that the external world is unconnected with the moral one, are probably among the fortunate individuals who are insensible to change of climate or weather. Few, however, enjoy this immunity; most people feel, for instance, the effects of foggy weather on the intellectual faculties, in the shape of melancholy thoughts and dulness of mind, naturally caused by the veil cast, as it were, over the sense of vision, one of the great sources of comfort and equanimity. Fog is of the same texture as clouds, being an emanation of rivers, lakes, and swamps; and hence is of rare occurrence on hills and places where water is scanty. It is chiefly owing to the condensation of aqueous vapour by a stratum of air colder than its own temperature; and hence it is generally dissipated by the heat of the sun as the day wears on. When we see a foggy morning, we may safely go out without an umbrella, because it is sure not to rain. Dry fogs are of another nature altogether, and are still unexplained; to them is due the occasional obscuration of the sun. This phenomenon is mentioned by historians as early as 533, and others occurred in 797, in 943, in 1547, in 1721, and in 1783. That of 1547 occurred on April 23, the eve of the battle of Mulberg, between the forces of Charles V. and those of the Elector of Saxony. It lasted three days, and is described as causing a subdued red light, so weak as to admit of



COLLECTING ICE IN ITALY.

in the open garden. It throws up abundance of white flowers as large as the top of a wine-glass, and defies frost and snow, nor do the blossoms suffer by comparison. It is propagated like a polyanthus—by dividing the roots—but, except for that purpose, it ought not to be disturbed, for the wider it spreads the more abundant the blooms. When the plant is parted, the pieces want a year or two to get established, because while small they throw up one or two flowers, but as they get established they send up twenty or thirty, or more. There is, in fact, a succession of flowers for months, and if undisturbed, the flowers turn to a greenish colour, and keep in nearly all the summer long, after they have changed from white to green. The botanical name of the plant is *Heliborus Nigra*; but all the nurseries recognise its popular designation. Another great favourite universally patronised is the *laurustinus*, a beautiful evergreen, crowded with umbels of white flowers, which are just now opening. This shrub is of a fine bushy habit, handsome when not a foot high, but maintaining its character when it reaches six feet. The bunches of buds are ornamental long before they open, and these appear in the autumn, so that the plant is interesting at all times, for the bloom lasts the greater part of the summer. It is hardy, although we have had, "few and far between," winters that have cut them down to the ground; but such visitations have been equally fatal to bays, and many other subjects that stand ordinary frosts without damage. One more favourite we must mention, for it is a most interesting shrub—*Andromeda floribunda*, a dark evergreen dwarfish subject, whose flower-buds show in autumn, and, from their beautiful form and light green colour, make a charming contrast, and gradually get paler until the flowers open. Its habit is bushy and graceful, and it rarely grows higher than two feet; but, like the *laurustinus*, blooms when very small, and does not grow very fast. This plant thrives best in soil which is made up of peat and loam, and grows well in beds prepared for Americans, such as rhododendrons and azaleas. All these are within the reach of

permanent homes. We have already said that dry days, when there be any, should be seized upon to hoe between all sorts of crops; and we repeat the advice, for dry days may be scarce.

MONOGRAMS.—It is noteworthy that folks are curiously careless in the use of monograms, if not ignorant of the true meaning of the term, which they give with indifference to mere ciphers, or compositions of intertwining letters, which have no "mutual" relationship beyond that of neighbourhood which their designers arbitrarily gave. Now, monograms proper are very different from these; they must be composed of letters, one or more of the elements or limbs of which serve the purposes of two or more letters; thus, a diphthong is commonly written and printed as a monogram; while, for example, the combined letters A.D., of Albert Durer's signature, do not always take the form of a true monogram, but, most frequently, are simply imposed the one upon the other, or one within the other. This practice of uniting may be called the primary law of monogrammatic existence, without obedience to which the thing is not. Other laws dictate for it elegance of form, the artistic or calligraphic quality and legibility, for no mere puzzle is worthy to be called a monogram. Elegance and legibility may be found in ciphers—i.e., compound and intertwined letters. Reversing letters and employing different alphabets in one combination, whether monogrammatic or not, are childish expedients.

THE Uffizi Museum at Florence, which possesses a collection of portraits of painters executed by themselves, has just been presented with two others—of Winterhalter, of Paris, and Amerling, of Vienna. The former is more particularly known for his grand picture of the Empress of the French surrounded by the ladies of her court. His likeness is taken full face, while that of the latter—who in 1867 sent to the French Exhibition an equestrian painting of Field-Marshal Prince Windischgratz—is in profile.

the stars being visible at noon. That of 1783 was remarked on June 18 at Paris, Avignon, Tuim, and Padua. It extended from the northern coast of Africa to Sweden, and was also perceived in some parts of North America. It lasted a whole month, and was not dispelled either by rain or wind. In 1860 M. Emmanuel Liail observed the same phenomenon in Brazil. It is attributed to vapours accumulated in the cosmical regions.—*Galignani*.

GOLDWIN SMITH, who recently entered upon his official duties as Professor of History in Cornell University, was born in 1823 at Reading, England, where his father was a physician. He received his education at Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845, carrying off some of the most important scholarships and prizes. Like many English gentlemen of education, he was called to the bar, but never practised. He was Secretary to the two Oxford Commissions, and was a member of the Education Commission of 1859. In 1866 he resigned the Professorship of History at Oxford, which he had held for some time. Goldwin Smith has written largely during the last few years, his Lectures on Modern History and on the Study of History being best known. His latest work was an historical study on the three English statesmen, Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. He has written besides as a journalist, and has contributed to various literary publications. He is one of the most liberal of English scholars, and all his writings are fraught with the spirit of liberty.

The late Secretary of State for India (Sir Stafford Northcote), just before going out of office, gave his decision in the case of daughters of Indian officers claiming on the Madras Military Fund. Sir Stafford Northcote expresses to the home committee of the fund his regret that, without cancelling concessions already made, there exists no surplus of the fund from which provision can be made for allowing daughters of officers on becoming widows to revert to their former pensions. This decision will dash the hopes of many necessitous ladies widows of Indian officers resident in this country.

A "PENNY GAFF" IN SHOREDITCH.

THE Grand Duchess of the Covent Garden's Company, and the Bohemian Bandit at a penny gaff, may seem a strange dish of mixed sweets for one evening; and so it struck me as with "the sabre of my sire," still ringing in my ears, I passed between the two classical female figures which guard the entrance of St. Leonard's Hall, and deposited my threepence with the not very classical looking female who keeps guard over the exchequer of that establishment. Matters arranged, with Cerberus, I "pass this way, sir," through a lobby looking very much like a disused dust-hole, at the end of which is a door with the words "reserved seats" painted on them. Standing before the door and acting as janitor, deeply immersed in a little black tattered play-book which bore marks of other occupations than those of the stage, was, as I afterwards discovered, no less a personage than the Bohemian Bandit himself—not looking particularly terrible or impressive. Indeed but for the short black pipe and strange costume he looked like "an unwilling schoolboy," with a sense of task unlearned. The desperado opens the door for me, a civility to which, judging from traits afterwards developed on the stage, he is little given. Wholly unconscious of the honour I enjoy, I pass words with the terrible character, and ask so trivial a question as "How soon the performance will commence?" He replies "directly," and closes the door to resume his play-book.

What are termed "reserved seats" are simply two bare black boards running the length of a box about seven feet by three, and slightly raised above the pit. When I entered, a few from the previous "house" still lingered lighting their pipes so that I had an opportunity of seeing the place, as I may say, empty. Dismal enough it looked,—dirty ceiling, black walls, plain board seats, painted with dirt from innumerable garments: the floor littered with orange peel and nut-shells, the gallery,—of whatever colour it may have originally been—now completely harmonized with the rest of the building by exhalations from the frequenters, the drop curtain, evidently painted by the genius who discovered red lions and blue bears, and who here gives another sample of his fertility in trees of a most puzzling kind. But it was not long left empty; scarcely had the last of the previous house disappeared, when a loud rush was heard at the entrance door, and a crowd came tumbling and pushing in, scrambling over forms, whistling, shouting, and seating themselves. In ten minutes the house was filled, and all looked as completely settled in their places as if they had occupied them for an hour. The select part of the house is the gallery, the admission to which is twopenny. This, I presume, arises from the custom of throwing orange peel, nut-shells, and the general refuse of eatables on to the stage. As much of that from the gallery must fall short of the mark, the people in the pit get the benefit of it, and from my own observation I should say the comfort of the gallery was cheaply bought for the extra penny. My solitary position was not regarded very favourably, but the entry of the musicians relieved the "block in the boxes" from further unpleasant observation. The orchestra consisted of a rickety piano, a fiddle, and a cornet, and the amount of noise the three produced was positively wonderful. The performance opened with the latest comic song, "Stout and Bitter," by a young man, in a most elaborate failure of an evening dress. His declaration that he "paid the best for everything" was received with ironical "ohs!" and appearances did not certainly favour the assertion. More singing, comic and sentimental, clod dancing, and acrobatic performance succeeded,—for unfashionable London requires great variety in its amusements. Each performance was rewarded with a most distracting chorus of whistling; everybody apparently joining in with their shrillest notes. The clod dancers, two boys of about twelve, were rewarded with about a dozen coppers thrown on to the stage, which they scrambled about for, to the great delight, and amidst increased whistling on the part of the audience.

I have generally noticed that unfashionable London places itself on very familiar terms with its entertainers. For instance, on the present occasion one singer was hailed with a general "Bravo Billy," (evidently he was "the people's William") which Billy acknowledged with a patronising smirk; and one of the "dunkies" having to step on to remove a chair was met with a chorus of "soup" (referring, I presume, to his ordinary business) which he acknowledged by an application of his fingers to his nose, in that peculiar manner which is popularly supposed to indicate a general indifference to public opinion.

I was very glad to be joined in the reserved seats by a young man, about nineteen, in a working dress, with an open and intelligent face; I immediately established friendly relations with him. Two young men were performing sundry gymnastic and tumbling feats. He tells me that he knows the far one—Harry Green he is—he's a mate of his—works in his shop as a fitter—he can do all the tricks that Harry does—look, he'll go into a tub now, he can go into a tub too—they practice at the shop. How much will they get a night? Well, Harry's never told him, but he don't think more than two bob, a first-rate singer only gets a crown. Why doesn't he perform? Because he'd sooner stick to his trade. He comes here about twice a week—was here last Wednesday, they were playing French Jack Shepherd; it was a funny one; he did laugh, he is sure I should have laughed if I'd been there. He doesn't know what the piece is to-night, but they're sure to be all blessing (robbing) one another—they're always that kind. Yes, he likes a bloody piece with good fencing.

His conjecture proves correct. My old acquaintance the door-keeper makes his appearance armed with an old sword and a carving-knife, and announces his intention to kill and plunder "all mankind." His first intended victim in this boundless ambition turns out to be a "long lost brother," and the two, having embraced, agree to carry out the noble project of exterminating mankind in company. They commence operations on a very small scale—considering the magnitude of the work—the one is to entice people into the cottage, and the other to despatch them. The partners are not very lucky in their speculations, their first haul turns out refractory, and after considerable manœuvring, shoot the Bohemian bandit, whilst an ugly old customer who has been walking about at the back of the stage shouts "Father! thou art avenged." I had spoken to my companion once or twice during the progress of the piece, but he was too absorbed in it to pay any attention to my questions. When the curtain dropped he turned to me with an evident feeling that the performance had merited his full praise. He at least had enjoyed his drama. During the piece two women came into the reserved seats, and I heard one say to the other, "Don't Jim," (the Bandit) "play well." So that it seems if people will only criticise from the proper point of view there will be little need of censure from the world. If either of these three had been called upon to write a critique upon "The Bohemian Bandit," his praise would have been as unqualified as that which the press generally accords to a "legitimate success" west of Temple Bar.

The performance over, the audience tumbles out again in the same noisy and disorderly manner in which it came, a few of the less boisterous lingering to light their pipes before going,—for though no smoking is allowed during the performance, pipes may be lit before leaving.—*Manchester Free Lance.*

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.—The following meetings will be held during the present month at the rooms of the society, 32A, George-street, Hanover-square, W.: On Spiritualism, Wednesday, January 20th, paper by Henry Belcher, Esq., M.A., "On the Relation of Metaphysics to Theology." Chair to be taken each evening at eight o'clock precisely.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

AN old woman named Evan was killed by lightning on the mountains near Merthyr in one of the recent storms. Two donkeys which she had with her were killed also.

A serious accident, the result of carelessness, has occurred at Chester. A man named Thomas let fall a loaded gun-barrel, and the contents were discharged into one of the legs of his daughter. The limb has been amputated.

A YOUNG girl named Isabel Scates, not quite thirteen years of age, is in custody at Pickering in Lancashire on the charge of poisoning the family in which she was employed as a servant. Seven persons were poisoned, but all have recovered or are recovering. The girl has been remanded till her mistress shall be well enough to give her evidence.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—On Saturday, at the Liverpool Police-court, Robert Garbert, a tobacco pipe maker, was charged with the murder of his wife. The prisoner, who had been living apart from his wife for some time, went to the house where she was lodging, on New Year's Day, and, after accusing her of being unfaithful to him, stabbed her in the abdomen. The deceased, who was *en route*, was conveyed to the Northern Hospital, where she died the same night. The prisoner was remanded.

CHRISTMAS has not passed away without bearing sad evidence of the way many misuse their holiday. Dr. Lancaster held twelve inquests on Monday, "most of the deaths being the result of holiday excesses." He had already held inquests on six children who were found dead in the streets on Boxing Day. The other coroners were also busily engaged in similar cases. At St. James two men quarrelled on Christmas Eve, and in the scuffle one of them had a bad fall and was killed on the spot. At Salford on Boxing Day a drunken man stabbed another, who died instantly. At Northampton there was another murder.

THERE is a pause just now in the number of "dreadful murders" and "shocking suicides" in Paris. However, the following may act as a warning voice:—A young student, aged eighteen, lived with his widowed mother in an attic in the Boulevard Malesherbes; in a neighbouring attic lived a pretty milliner, which cruel irony calls a "Bird of Paradise," from the elevation of their dwelling-places, aged seventeen. The two lovers connected their windows by a thread, and so "exchanged notes." One evening, at Jack, the poor student undertook the perilous task of walking along the roof to visit Juliet. A few steps taken, and Romeo was picked up in the street a lifeless mass of mangled flesh.

ACCIDENT ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—On Sunday an accident happened on the line recently opened in connection with the London and South Coast Railway, near Streatham Junction. An ordinary passenger train was approaching the Junction at the usual pace, when the engine and tenders left the rails, and the passengers were consequently much shaken and frightened, but fortunately none were seriously injured. On being released from the carriages, they found their way to the station at Streatham-Common, while due precautions were at once taken to stop the approach of other trains. After the accident Mr. Richardson, the locomotive superintendent, arrived, and a large body of men, with the aid of "jacks" and other appliances, succeeded in getting the engine back upon the rails, when it was sent to Battersea and examined, nothing being found to account for the accident. It was supposed that the recent heavy rains had loosened the sleepers, and that this had been the cause of the accident.

FATAL ICE ACCIDENT NEAR SHEFFIELD.—On Friday afternoon, at Cross-pool, near Sheffield, a number of skaters and sliders—chiefly lads—had collected on the ice of a brick pond. Sports of various kinds were freely indulged in, but whilst the fun was at its height, the ice gave way, and several of the lads were precipitated into the water. An alarm was at once raised, and assistance promptly rendered by the bystanders. Amongst those who took an active part was a youth named Frederick Dyson, who bravely rushed into the water and succeeded in saving one of the lads from a watery grave, but unhappily he fell a victim to his heroism. After handing the rescued one to the care of those who remained on safe ground, the brave lad either let go his hold of the side or the ice gave way, and he sank. Efforts were made to save him, but every attempt failed, and the youth perished. It was more than half an hour ere the body was recovered. The deceased was a well-conducted youth, and much sympathy is expressed towards the bereaved parents. No other fatality occurred.

THE POACHING AFFRAY AT HOLYWELL.—John Parry, the gamekeeper of Lord Mostyn, who was shot by poachers on the night of the 22nd ult., is not yet considered to be out of danger. John Morris, the assistant keeper, who was also shot, though not so seriously as Parry, is still confined to his bed. Upwards of eighty No. 6 shots have been extracted from his thigh and back. On Sunday Inspector Thomas, of the Flintshire police, arrived in Wrexham, accompanied by two of his men, in search of the two suspected men. They had traced them to Garswale, on the road to Wrexham, and there learned that they were accompanied by a woman and child and a lurcher dog. On Tuesday last Inspector Lamb, of the Wrexham police, found a man at a lodging-house in Market-street, Wrexham, mending a net. He asked the woman of the house if she had any more lodgers, to which she replied, "Only a man and woman upstairs," which strongly confirmed the inspector's suspicions, and afterwards finding a dog chained under the stairs he procured assistance and the two men were secured and taken to Flint Gaol to await the hearing before the magistrates.

LAW AND POLICE.

REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF MURDER.

At the Lambeth Police-court, on Saturday, a man was brought up in custody, charged, on his own confession, with the murder of his wife seventeen years ago. The prisoner gave the name of William Sheward, and said he was 57 years of age, and resided at the Key and Castle Tavern, St. Martin's-st-Oak, Norwich. He was brought up in the custody of Inspector Davis, of the P division, and charged before Mr. Woolrych, on his own confession, with wilfully murdering his first wife, Martha, at Norwich, on the 15th June, 1851. The prisoner, a gentlemanly-looking man, was so weak and feeble that he had to be seated during the hearing of the case, and wept bitterly, and appeared to feel his position deeply. Inspector Davis, having detailed the circumstances under which the prisoner made the confession to him, said: I asked him if there was anything that had occurred to unsettle his mind, as he might be then labouring under some delusion. He replied, "No, it is too true. I left home on Tuesday, with the intention of destroying myself. I intended to have cut my throat with the razor I have got in my pocket." I asked him for the razor, and he at once took the one produced in a case from his pocket. He then said, "I have been to Chelsea to-day and yesterday by steamboat, intending to destroy myself, but the Almighty would not let me do it. I wish I could have done it. Prisoner then desired me to take down something in writing, and I did as follows, as he dictated: 'I, William Sheward, of Norwich, charge myself with the wilful murder of Martha Sheward, my first wife.' This statement prisoner then signed. He appeared perfectly sober and natural in his ways. He made the following further statement this morning. I asked him if he would give any particulars of the crime he had charged himself with, and when and how the deed was done, and he said, 'Yes, I will. It

was on the 15th of June, 1851—I cut her throat with a razor,' I said, 'How did you dispose of the body, or how was it that it was not discovered?' and he replied, 'The body was cut up, and I believe a portion was kept in spirits of wine at the Guildhall at Norwich by order of the magistrates.' I then asked him how it was he now came and confessed, and he said, 'I went last night to a house in Richmond-street, Walworth, where I first saw my first wife, and that brought it so to my mind that I was obliged to come and give myself up, and again he said, 'You'll find it's quite true, and they will know all about it at Norwich. Prisoner further added that he kept the Key and Castle at Norwich, and previous to that kept a pawnbroker's shop 14 or 15 years, and at the time of the murder was living at St. Martin's-at-the-Palace, Norwich.—Mr. Woolrych (to prisoner): You have heard the evidence; have you anything to say in reference to it, or to put any questions to the inspector? Prisoner (faintly, but firmly): No, your worship.—Mr. Woolrych: Is the statement made by the inspector correct? Prisoner: Yes, your worship.—Mr. Woolrych: I shall remand you for further inquiry. Prisoner: Very well, your worship.—The prisoner was then taken from the dock, and, under the direction of Mr. Woolrych, at once conveyed in a cab to Horseferry-lane Gaol.

A telegram from Norwich, on Monday, says: It is believed that the confession of murder is well founded. Human remains were found in the River Yare, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Norwich, in June 1851.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ROBBERY IN THE CITY.

A well-dressed young man, wearing a brown overcoat, named George Jenkyn, described as a carver and gilder, was brought before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, charged with being concerned with two other men not in custody in stealing a gold watch, value £50, from the person of the Rev. John Fox Brown, chaplain of Minister Union, Ramsgate.

Last evening about half-past six o'clock the prosecutor and a friend were walking along the Poultry towards the Bank of England. They were stopped by a knot of persons on the pavement, and while standing there the prisoner gave the prosecutor "a most earnest look in the face, like a dead man coming to life, which instantly fixed his attention." At the same moment he felt a tug at his chain, and missed his watch, which was a present from his congregation.—Edward Page, a stationer's assistant, who was on the spot, saw the prisoner and two others. The former had his overcoat on his arm, and he raised it apparently as a screen. Witness gave chase to the prisoner through Old Jewry, Coleman-street, Moorgate-street, and Princes-street, to the Royal Exchange, where he was taken into custody by a constable, and conveyed to Bow-lane Police-station. The prosecutor was there giving information of the robbery, and identified him as the man who looked him in the face.

The prisoner said he would prove he was an honest man. Mitchell, a detective, said he knew the prisoner. A great many watches had been lost during Christmas by country people. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

A YOUNG woman was brought up at Bow-street, a few days ago, on a charge of having endeavoured to obtain a situation by means of false character. She had assumed the name of a respectable girl whom she accidentally met at a servants' registry. She was sentenced to pay a fine of £20, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY has been granted a free pardon, provided that he absents himself from the country until the period of his sentence shall have expired. He has therefore left for Madeira. It will be remembered that Sir Culling Eardley was sentenced to imprisonment in January last for bigamy. The reason for his release is stated to be that further confinement might probably kill him.

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—At the opening of the Parliamentary session Mr. Charles Gilpin will give notice of a motion for the abolition of capital punishment. It is understood that many, both of the old and new members, are desirous of having the subject discussed afresh.—Although Mr. Gilpin will, on this occasion, be precluded from having the assistance of his friend, the veteran abolitionist, Mr. William Ewart, late member for Dumfriesshire, or that of Messrs. Neate and Fildes, and other members of the former House, he will find amongst the newly-elected representatives some very decided opponents of the gallows, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. Samuel Morley and Henry Richard. Many of the supporters of abolition in the late Parliament are again returned.

THE WELLS MURDER.—The convict Bisgrove has been most unexpectedly reprieved. On Friday night a Queen's messenger arrived at Taunton Gaol from the Home Office, and informed Mr. Oakley, the governor, that it had been decided that the sentence of death passed upon Bisgrove should not be carried into effect. Preparations had been completed for the execution, which was fixed to take place last Monday morning, and no hopes were entertained by the prison authorities that the life of the prisoner would be spared. *Swack*, who had been condemned with Bisgrove, was reprieved some days since, in consequence of Bisgrove having confessed that he alone murdered Cornish, by dashing out his brains with a large stone. Although the murder was a most cold-blooded one, there was an absence of premeditation or of motive for the crime, and it was on this ground that the Queen was petitioned to commute the sentence of death. When the respite arrived the criminal at first appeared to be overcome by the news, but he afterwards recovered himself, and expressed his thanks to those who had interested themselves in his behalf. On Saturday he was removed from the condemned cell and placed in one of the ordinary convict cells. The respite has occasioned some dissatisfaction in Taunton, Wells, and the surrounding districts.

A DECISION of considerable importance to licensed victuallers was given at the Hammersmith police-court. A Mr. Langdon, of the Salvation Inn, King-street, Hammersmith, was summoned by the police for "having his house open for the sale or consumption of wines, &c., between the hours of one and four on the morning of the 23rd December." The police testimony went to show that while two sergeants were passing by the defendant's door they saw a light, and heard voices and money laid on the bar, and men tossing inside the house. On knocking, after a few minutes, they were let in, found four men in front of the bar, and an empty glass. Ere the sergeants got in, one of them says he heard a sound of glasses being removed. After they went out they heard the same suspicious sound again. The four customers did not quit the house till twenty minutes to two. On cross-examination the policeman admitted that he saw no one go into the house after one o'clock, and that the door was bolted, shutters up, and house closed. The magistrate considered that there was no proof of any sale, and that, according to certain recent decisions, the house could not be considered "open." The defendant's solicitor further referred to a case (*Cates v. South*) in which Lord Chief Justice Cockburn held that a landlord was not bound to turn out his guests. Was there ever a more uncertain, impracticable, vexatious, and self-stultifying Act than that under which Mr. Langdon's and countless other summonses have issued? The M.P. on the look-out for a little grievance-hunting next session who will turn his attention to a twaddling, clumsily-drafted Act, which, while prohibiting a house being "open" between certain hours, leaves the question of prohibition of consumption, within its closed doors a matter for vague conjecture, will earn the thanks of publicans, police, and customers alike.

LONDON HERALD SPHINX.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. A man whose work's trod on by all.
 2. A little town in Portugal.
 3. What to please lawyers scarce e'er failed.
 4. A process food goes through, curtailed.
 5. An element or air that's pure.
 6. The last of an English town I'm sure.
- The first and the third letters, too,
Two Englishmen will bring to view.
And the last letters also tell
What they as statesmen fought for well.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. If you would win do not this do,
But steadily year way pursue.
 2. When railway engines run with speed
This makes them smoother go indeed.
 3. This one will show to us what we
In all our action ought to be.
 4. In decorations this I ween
About the Christmas time is seen.
- First letters down and last the same,
Will two British statesmen name

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A conjunction (beheaded).
 2. A heathen goddess.
 3. A Scotch portrait painter.
 4. A British statesman.
 5. A British statesman.
 6. An English town.
 7. A learned English author of the sixteenth century.
 8. A Jewish high priest.
 9. A note of music (curtailed).
- The above form a diamond square, the central letters of which read down give the name of a member of the present Liberal Government.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I REAP AT—The name of a woman who betrayed the Capitol of Rome to the Sabines on condition of receiving what they were on their left arms. When they entered the place they threw their bracelets and shields on her so that she perished under their weight.
2. GIVE BAD OILS SURE—A Benedictine Abbot of Westminster Abbey. He was the son of a great king, was put over the monks by force, and wasted the revenues of the Abbey with prodigal prodigality.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR 1869.

Time swiftly flies, and changes come
In varied forms, from day to day
We feel the old sayings-bearers' hand,
So let us be merry while we may.
And readers of the LONDON HERALD
May you a merry Christmas spend,
We also wish you this, and may
Health and prosperity, upon you descend.

- 1.—We all are this, we have always been told,
By whom? Well to question, I want be so bold.
 - 2.—If I had this, in loo, I would feel like a lord,
For I'd think to myself, I would clear the board.
 - 3.—Down the aisle, the stranger treads
So softly, and glancing right and left,
He steps in here, but doesn't feel right
As he sits down, he thinks, he's committed a theft.
 - 4.—'Tis pleasant to receive, especially when you earn it,
I never knew a man, who had the heart to spurn it.
 - 5.—"His dander's rised," the Yankees say,
Which just means this, in our English way.
 - 6.—She was handsome and witty, both lively and gay,
And this was her name, come tell it I pray.
 - 7.—Were just about this, of sixty eight,
Some term it the end, well, perhaps they are right.
- J. M. S.

ANSWERS TO SPHINX, No 332.

- CHARADE.—Mile-stone.
CHARADE.—Po-lice.
CHARADE.—Mar-gin.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Prizes—awards: 1, Poa; 2, Row; 3, Iona; 4, Zephyr; 5, End; 6, Success.
REBUS.—Bell, ell, ll.
TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Sailor—winter—storms: 1, Showers; 2, Adversement; 3, Ino; 4, Latex; 5, Olexm; 6, Redness.

PRIZE for No. 332.—Edward Fern.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—R. L.; W. Mountford; and J. Whittaker.

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

SPIRIT RAFFING.—A haunted house in the country had three fearful midnight raps every night. People kept away, until it was found that the next door neighbour knocked the ashes out of his pipe at that time.

INDUCEMENT.—An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

FOLLOWING HIS CONSCIENCE.—An eminent and witty prelate was asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace; "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in his gig. He drives it first."

PICK ME UP.—The following soliloquy was overheard the other night:—A devotee of Bacchus thus addressed his hat, which had fallen from his head, "If I pick you up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up—then I leave you," and he staggered proudly away.

FIDDLING.—Even Tom Hood is almost inexcusable for such a description of music as this:—"Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse." We never thought he could have been guilty of such violence (violence).

SHORT AND SWEET.—A special juryman candidly stated in open court the other day, that he was fully prepared to decide upon a case without hearing the evidence. If this principle were adopted, what an immense saving of public time there would be.—*Will o' the Wisp.*

PRINCIPLES.—Principles before men, says your statesman; but that is reversing the order of things. Were not men made before principles? Adam was six feet in his slippers before he troubled himself with the shadow of a principle, and the principal thing that troubled him after was a wife. In the latter respect a great many men since resemble Adam.

THE Cleveland Herald says: "The other day a treacherous piece of ice deceived the 'understanding' of a handsome and well-dressed lady, displaying the prettiest feet that ever trod the Rue de Superior, causing a sudden lurch, in an effort to regain a perpendicular, to rupture a miserably weak seam in her stocking, allowing Indian meal to pour out like flour coming down the spout of a Merwin-street mill. What will these poor 'calves' do for meal?"

THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS.—A company of scapegraces, who were bent on a spree on the Sabbath day, meeting a pious old man named Samson on his way to church, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe. We'll take Samson along with us, and then should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that I should have to borrow your jawbone."

WHAT HAD BECOME OF THE SNUFFERS.—"I wonder what has become of the snuffers?" said Mrs. Van Jansen. "I have been looking for them all the evening, and I can't find them high or low."—"Nobody could give any information. After a while her tired Dutchman of a husband, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, preparatory to going to bed. "All this day," said he, "I think I got some little grabble stones in my foot, and kess I ket 'em out now." He turned up his boot, and poured out the snuffers.

A GOOD GUESSER.—It is impolite to ask a lady her age. As a matter of courtesy, if she is forty you are to say you think her about thirty; if from forty to fifty-five, say about thirty-five. Ladies regard themselves complimented when they are thought to be much younger than they are.—"Miss Gamboe," says Blixen to that interesting but rapidly advancing lady of forty-four, "I declare you are looking quite charming—a regular twenty-one bloom and spirits. You can't be a day over that figure, if I'm a judge." Miss Gamboe then lets off a shower of smiles, and says, "Now, Mr. Blixen, you do say such insinuating things—and then you guess ages so closely!"

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.—When he cuts a number of square bits of paper every night, and lays them on his toilet-table, ready to wipe his razor when he shaves in the morning—that's a symptom. When he carries his fingers perfectly straight in his gloves, for fear of friction in the knuckles—that's a symptom. When he leaves the house of a friend in the middle of the evening, to avoid a walk home with a lady—that's a symptom. When he keeps his hat on in a lecture-room, till the latest permitted minute, on account of a draught—that's a symptom. When he wears a large moustache and beard to conceal certain defects—that's a symptom. When he turns a huge coat collar up over his ears every time there is a cloud in the sky—that's a symptom. When he refuses a hymn-book in church because he does not like to be seen using glasses—that's a symptom. When he cannot go to sleep till he has ascertained whether the seam of the sheet is precisely in the middle of the bed—that's a symptom. When an anthracite fire and a wadded wrapper have greater charms for him than a pair of bright eyes, jingling sleigh-bells, and a *lete-a-lete* under a buffalo robe—that's a symptom. When whiskey punch and a flannel nightcap are the *ne plus ultra* of his earthly felicity—that's a symptom. When he calls women "humbugs;" says pawlaw to children, and has a growing partiality for stuffed rocking-chairs and well-sired linen—that's a symptom.—FANNY FERN.

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